

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING

The FIRST PART of KING HENRY IV.
The SECOND PART of KING HENRY IV.
The LIFE of KING HENRY V.

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THE

WORKS



SHAKESPEARE

AS HE APPEARED ON THE STAGE

IN THE

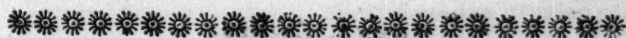
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINCHESTER
THE TWELFTH NIGHT OF ST. VALENTINE

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
EDITED BY
M. A. C. C.



THE FIRST PART
OF
HENRY IV.
WITH THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
HENRY, Sirnam'd HOTSPUR.



VOL. V.

A

Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
JOHN Duke of Lancaster, }
WORCESTER.
NORTHUMBERLAND.
HOTSPUR.
MORTIMER.
Archbishop of York.
DOUGLAS.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.
Sir MICHELL.
WESTMORLAND.
Sir WALTER BLUNT.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADS-HILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, wife to Hotspur.
Lady MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife
to Mortimer.
Hostess QUICKLY.
Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,
Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

The persons of the drama were first collected by Rowe.

THE FIRST PART*
OF
HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court in London.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, and others.

K. Henry.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils

* The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald Earl Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill), which battle was fought on Holyrood-day, (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of St Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. *Theobald.*

Shakespeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard II. to Henry V. King Henry, at the end of Richard II. declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by King Henry, in the last act of Richard II. of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. *Johnson.*

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces. Those oppos'd eyes *,
 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies;
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 Whose soldiers now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
 To chase these Pagans, in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear,
 Of you my gentle cousin Westmorland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience †.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits ‡ of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news,
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken;
 A thousand of his people butchered,

* *Opposed files.* Warburton.

† *Expedition.* ‡ *Limits for estimates.*

Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then that the tidings of this
broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
For more uneven and unwelcome news [Lord;
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holyrood-day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon spent a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-industrious
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each foil
Betwixt the Holmedon and this feat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, three and twenty knights
Balk'd in their own blood * did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,
Of Moray, Angus, and Monteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil,
A gallant prize? ha, Cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou, mak'st me sad and
mak'st me sin.

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest'd a son,
A son who is the theme of Honour's tongue,

* Bath'd in their own blood. Revisal.

Amongst a grove the very freightest plant,
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O could it be prov'd
 That some night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
 In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts.—What think you,
 Cousin,

Of this young *Percy's* pride? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
 I shall have none but *Mordake Earl of Fife*.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Wor-*
Malevolent to you in all aspects, [cester,
 Which makes him plume himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
 And for this cause a while we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the Lords:
 But come yourself with speed to us again;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment of the Prince's.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking
 old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
 sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou
 hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou
 would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do
 with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of
 sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of

bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata. I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, Hal. For we that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, that wand'ring knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king—as God save thy Grace, (Majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none).——

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then?—come—roundly, roundly——

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be call'd thieves of the day's booty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we——steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd, as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing, *lay by*, and spent with crying *bring in*; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord thou say'st true, lad; and is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle*; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

* This alludes to the name Shakespeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcastle: and when he changed the name, he forgot to strike out

3 The FIRST PART of Act I

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what, in thy quips and quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent——But I pry thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?——

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this: One Sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry V. for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal, in the epilogue to the second part of Henry IV. *Warburton.*

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: By the Lord, an' I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin' for a man to labour in his vocation. *Poins!*—Now shall we know if Gads-hill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

S C E N E III.

Enter Poins.

This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true man.—

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and

Sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madera, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word; the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill; there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have visors for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gads-hill lyes to-night in Rochester, I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *stand*, for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of per-

suasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell, you shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, all-hallown summer!

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gads-hill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but 'tis like they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the wood; our vizors we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fights longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lyes the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee ; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my Lord. [Exit Poins.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while up-
The unyok'd humour of your idleness : [hold
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world ;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised ;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester,
Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and tem-
Unapt to stir at these indignities ; [perate,
And you have found me ; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience : but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,

SC. 4. KING HENRY IV. 13

Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign Liege, little deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good Lord,——

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory;
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Worcester.*]

You were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*]

North. Yes, my good Lord.

Those prisoners, in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.

Or envy therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hos. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners:

But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd;
Fresh, as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.

He was perfum'd like a millener;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff.——And still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
Betwixt the wind and his Nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me: amongst the rest, demanded

My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.

I, then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the
mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.—
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my
Whatever Harry Percy then had said, [Lord,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die; and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?

He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue; for all those
wounds,—

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower;
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood; [drink,
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criske head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly;
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou belieest
He never durst encounter with Glendower; [him:
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? but, sirrah, from this hour,
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your son.
—Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K. Henry.*

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I'll after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause
Here comes your uncle. [a while;

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew
mad. [To Worcester.

Wor. Who strook this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us, God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition,
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. [mouth

Hot. But soft, I pray you. Did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
 (O pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To shew the line and the predicament
 Wherein you range under this subtle King)
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker Bolingbroke?
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again.
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud King, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
 Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
 Therefore, I say——

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
 As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim——
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple.——O! the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear

Without corrival all her dignities.

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.

—Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners——

Hot. I'll keep them all;

By Heav'n he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes;
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will; that's flat.——

He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lyes asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, Mortimer!
Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, my kinsman! I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient
fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time—what do ye call the place?——
A plague upon't!—it is in Glo'stershire——

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept —
His uncle York—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this King of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle

Hot. You say true :

Why, what a deal of candy'd courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look, when his *infant fortune* came to age * —,
And *gentle Harry Percy*—and *kind cousin*.—
The devil take such cozeners—God forgive me—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again ;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
[*To Hotspur.*

Deliver them without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For pow'rs in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted.—You, my Lord, [*To North.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
Th' archbishop.

Hot. York, is't not ?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what, I think, might be ; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted and set down ;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. On my life it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st

Hot. It cannot chuse but be a noble plot ; [*slip.*
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer—ha !

* Alluding to what passed in King Richard, Act II.
Sc. 9. *Johnson.*

Wor. So they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head* :
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think we deem ourselves unsatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.
I'll steal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our pow'rs at once
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother; we shall thrive,
I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu. O let the hours be short,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Inn at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.

1 Carrier.

HEigh ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be
hang'd. Charles' wain is over the new chim-
ney, and yet our horse not packt. What, ostler?

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cutt's saddle, put a
few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in
the withers, out of all cefs †.

* A head is a body of forces.

† *i. e.* Out of all measure. *Warburton.*

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots. This house is turn'd upside down, since Robin Ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by th' mas there's ne'er a King in Christendom could be better bit then I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breed fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler!—Come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger to be deliver'd as far as Charing-crofs.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What, ostler! a plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come and be hang'd—hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o' clock?

Car. I think it be two o' clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a!—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll

call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain! —

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's ev'n as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variefst no more from pick-ing of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gads-hill. It holds current that I told you yesternight. There's a franklin * in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St Nicholas' † clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it; I pr'ythee keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st St Nicholas as truly as a man of fallshood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut, there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff-six-penny-strikers, none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-

* Franklin is a little gentleman. *Johnson.*

† St Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars: and *Nicholas*, or *Old Nick*, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers *St. Nicholas's clarks*. *Warb.*

masters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than think, and think sooner than pray; and yet I lie, for they pray continually unto their faint the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of Fern-seed *, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather you are more beholden to the night, than the fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to, Homo is a common name to all men.—Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable: farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter. I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

* *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that fern was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to fern-seed many strange properties, some of which the rustic virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded.

Johnson.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poin's, Poin's, and be hang'd, Poin's!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal, what a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, Poin's! Hal!—

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square * farther afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poin's! Hal! a plague upon you both. Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew!—a plague upon you all. Give me my horse; you rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat guts! ly down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's ex-

* The thought is humorous, and alludes to his bulk: insinuating, that his legs being four foot asunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four foot square*. Warburton.

chequer. What a plague mean ye to colt † me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good King's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters ‡; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too — I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Stand, —

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter, I know his voice. Bar-dolph. — What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch.

Fal. Indeed I am not John of Gaunt your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, Jack, thy horse stands behind the

† To colt, is to fool, to trick. *Johnson.*

‡ Alluding to the order of the garter, in which he was inrolled as heir-apparent. *Johnson.*

hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by. Stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.——

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them. Exeunt.]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again at the other part of the stage.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring. There is no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains !

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Now Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Were't not for laughing I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Lord Percy's House.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. He could be contented to be there ; why is he not then ? in respect of the love he bears our house ! he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why, that's certain ; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink : but I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck the flower, safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoize of so great an opposition. Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant ; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ? Why, my Lord of York com-

mends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks, And giv'n my treasures and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars, Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *courage! to the field!* and thou hast talk'd Of fallie and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, Of pris'ners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestir'd * thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are
Some heavy business hath my Lord in hand; [these?
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour agoe.

Hot. Hath Butler brought these horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him strait. O *esperance!*

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toft with.

In faith I'll know your business, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize: but if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to this question I shall ask.

I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trisler; — love! I love thee

I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world [not,

To play with mammets †, and to tilt with lips.

* Perhaps, *And thought hath so disturb'd.* *Johnson.*

† Puppets. *Johnson.*

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too—gods me! my horse.
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have
with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I must not have you henceforth question me,
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer, for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Boar's-Head Tavern in East-
cheap.*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
three or fourscore hog'sheads. I have founded the
very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn
brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them
all by their Christian names, as Tom, Dick, and

Francis. They take it already upon their conscience, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of courtesy; telling me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy; (by the Lord, so they call me :) and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-cheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clap'd even now into my hand by an under-sinker†, one that never spake other English in his life, than *eight shillings and six pence*, and *you are welcome, Sir*: with this shrill addition, *anon, anon, Sir; score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'y-thee do thou stand in some by-room while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis——

[Poins retires.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis——

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Francis the drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.—Look down into the pomegranet, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

* A wench. *Johnson.*

† A tapster, an under-drawer. *Johnson.*

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—
Poins. Francis——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, Sir.—Pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis, for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a penny worth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? no, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,——

Fran. My Lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-stock-ing, caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis,——

P. Henry. Away, you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Drawer.*] My Lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins,——

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning.—I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fy upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he, and answers, *some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Ribi*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and *amen!*—Give me a cup of sack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, (pitiful-hearted Titan!), that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward—Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world, I say.—I would I were a weaver*; I could sing all manner of songs.—A plague on all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, Woolfack, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's son! if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and Poin's there? [*To Poin's.*]

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere

* In the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. *Warburton.*

I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that.

[*He drinks.*]

A plague on all cowards, still say I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. [*Shows his sword.*] I never dealt better since I was a man.—All would not do. A plague on all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of

radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n you have no murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal; if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hose.

Fal. Began to give ground; but I follow'd me close, came foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson obscene greasy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? no; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion—I!

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin*, you dry'd neat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish.—
O for breath to utter what is like thee—You tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.*

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, your carry'd you guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done,

* The true reading, I believe, is *elfkin*, or little fairy.

Johnson.

and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, thou for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good-fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content:—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Hal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

S C E N E X.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight?

Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll fend him packing. [*Exit.*]

P. Henry. Now, Sirs, by'r lady you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no. Fy.

Bard. 'Faith I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

S C E N E XI.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes Bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague on sighing and grief, it blows up a man like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad;

here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must go to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook: what a plague call you him——

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well; that rascal has good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow! but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps* more. Worcester is stoln away by night. Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid, thou being heir-apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

* A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets. Johnson.

P. Henry. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father; if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein*.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg†.

Fal. And here is my speech—Stand aside, nobility——

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's sake, Lords, convey my tristful Queen, For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

Host. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry players as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.——

Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompany'd; for though the camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. Thou art my son; I have

* A lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambyzes King of Persia. By Thomas Preston. *Thesbald.*

† That is, My obedience to my father. *Johnson.*

partly thy mother's word, partly mine own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lyeth the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher *, and eat black-berries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keep'st: for, Harry, now do I not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now, I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me.—If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare †.

* *i. e.* Truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. *Warburton.*

† *Rabbit sucker* is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from East-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. 'Swearest thou, ungracious boy! henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulding-hutch* of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropies, that huge bombast of sack, that stuff'd-cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you. Whom means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host, that I

is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*, a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. *Johnson.*

* *Bolting-hutch* is, I think, a *meal-bag*. *Johnson.*

know, is damn'd. If to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharoah's lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and Hostess goes out.*]

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue!—Play out the play; I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*. If you will deny the Sheriff so, if not let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.——

S C E N E XII.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff, what is your will with me ?

Sheriff. First, pardon me, my Lord.—A hus
and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious
A gross fat man. [Lord ;

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him ;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal ;
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so ; if he have robb'd these
He shall be answerable ; and so farewell. [men,

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good morrow, is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[Exit.

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as
Paul's ; go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff—fast asleep, behind the arras,
and snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches breath.
Search his pockets.

[He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.

P. Henry. What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they ? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 s. 2 d.

Item, Sauce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a march of twelvescore †. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me, betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's House in Wales.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mortimer.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosp'rous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?

And, uncle Worcester——a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For, by that name, as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heav'n.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I blame him not; at my nativity
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets: know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

† *i. e.* It will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards. *Johnson.*

SC. I. KING HENRY IV.

41

Hot. So it would have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. I say, the earth then was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth
did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heav'ns
on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew
I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipt in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scot-
land,

Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.

—I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him
mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:

18 The FIRST PART of Act III.

But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil, By telling truth; *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*— If thou hast pow'r to raise him, bring him hither, And I'll be sworn I've pow'r to shame him hence. Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come!

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my pow'r; thrice from the banks of Wye, And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too! How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. Th' archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Severn hitherto, By south and east, is to my part assign'd; All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore, And all the fertile land within that bound, To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn, Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute),

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I, And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth, To meet your father, and the Scottish power, As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

—Within that space you may have drawn together Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[To Glendower.]

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords, And in my conduct shall your Ladies come;

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton
here,

In quantity, equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his course, and runs
me up

With like advantage on the other side,
Gelding th' opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-side win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English Court,
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, *mew*!
Than one of these same meeter-ballad-mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,

30 The FIRST PART of Act III.

And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as miming poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by
(I'll haste the writer); and withal, [night;
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad;
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Mort. Fy, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot chuse. Sometime he angers me,
With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant *,
Of dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clipt-wing Griffin, and a moulting Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He held me the last night at least nine hours,
In reck'ning up the several devils names
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, *hum*,—and *well*,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horse, or as a railing wife;
Worse than a smoaky house. I'd rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments †; valiant as a lion;

* This alludes to an old prophecy which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against King Henry. See Hall's Chronicle, folio 20. Pope.

† Skilled in wonderful secrets. Johnson.

And wond'rous affable ; as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
 When you do cross his humour ; 'faith he does.
 I warrant you that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof.
 But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame,
 And, since your coming here, have done enough
 To put him quite besides his patience.
 You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault ;
 Tho' sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,
 (And that's the dearest grace it renders you)
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain ;
 The least of which haunting a nobleman,
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd : good manners be your
 speed !
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

S C E N E III.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps, she will not part
 with you,
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her she and my aunt
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily. [*Percy*

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she
 answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desp'rate here, a peevish self-will'd
 harlotry,
 That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling
 heavens.

I am too perfect in, and, but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,

All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such diff'rence betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly-harnes'd team
Begins his golden progress in the East.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glen. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet strait they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy
lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands
Welsh, and 'tis no marvel, he is so humourous:
by'r lady he's a good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical,
for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Ly
still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear, Lady, my brach howl in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither. 'Tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

[*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*]

Come, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good sooth*; and, *as true as I live*; and, *as God shall mend me*; and, *as sure as day*: and giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'd'st further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *in sooth*,
And such protest of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Robin-redbreast teacher. If the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will.

[*Exit.*]

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow,

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Presence-chamber in Windsor.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave : the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference ; but be near,
For we shall presently have need of you. —

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service * I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heav'n,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean at-
tempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base new-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee. Yet let me wonder, Harry,

* *Service for a lion, simply. Warburton.*

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
But being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at,
That men would tell their children, *this is he*;
Others would say, *where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,
And dress'd myself in much humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king he ambled up and down,
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin * wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; 'scarded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,

* *Rash is heady, thoughtless. Bavin is brushwood, which
fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. Johnson.*

Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,
 That, being daily swallow'd by mens eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckow is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze;
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand't thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation: not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
 Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. [*Weeping.*]

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious
 Lord,

Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art at this hour was Richard then,
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
 And ev'n as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession!
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness; in the realm
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
 And being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and rev'rend bishops on
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,

Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing cloaths,
 This infant warrior. in his enterprises,
 Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mor-
 timer,

Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest * enemy?
 Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels, and curt'sie at his frowns,
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And Heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scower my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought of Harry, chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,

* Dearest is most fatal, most mischievous. Johnson.

T' engrofs up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to fo strict account,
 That he fhall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the flighteft worfhip of his time,
 Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
 This in the name of Heav'n I promife here :
 The which, if I perform, and do furvive,
 I do befeech your Majefty may falve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds ;
 And I will die an hundred thoufand deaths
 Ere break the finalleft parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thoufand rebels die in this !
 Thou fhalt have charge and fovereign truft herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of fpeed.

Blunt. So is the bufinefs that I come to fpeak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath fent word,
 That Douglas and the Englifh rebels met
 Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewfbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promifes be kept on ev'ry hand,
 As ever offer'd foul-play in a ftate.

K. Henry. The Earl of Weftmorland fet forth
 to-day,
 With him my fon, Lord John of Lancafter ;
 For this advertisement is five days old.
 On Wednesday next, Harry, thou fhalt fet forward ;
 On Thursday we ourfelves will march : our meeting
 Is at Bridgenorth ; and, Harry, you fhall march
 Thro' Glo'fterfhire : by which, fome twelve days
 hence,
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth fhall meet.
 Our hands are full of bufinefs : let's away,
 Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Boar's-Head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am not I fall'n away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of. I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church!—Company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little: diced not above seven times a-week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—If thou wert

any way given to virtue, I would fwear by thy face; my oath fhould be, *by this fire*: but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the fon of utter darknefs. When thou rann'ft up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horfe, if I did not think thou hadft been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there is no purchafe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlafting bone-fire light; thou haft faved me a thoufand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the fack that thou haft drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the deareft chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years, Heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! fo fhould I be fure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoftefs.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen, have ye enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoft. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my houfe? I have fearch'd, I have enquired, fo has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, fervant by fervant. The tithe of a hair was never loft in my houfe before.

Fal. Ye lie, hoftefs; Bardolph was fhav'd, and loft many a hair; and I'll be fworn, my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoft. Who, I? I defy thee; I was never call'd fo in mine own houfe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoft. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John; I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of fhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas; I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of eight shillings an ell : you owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He ? alas ! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How ! poor ? look upon his face ; what call you rich ? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks : I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me ? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd ? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu ! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How ? the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup ; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad ? is the wind in that door ? must we all march ?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mrs Quickly ? how does thy husband ? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack ?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd. This house is turn'd bawdyhouse, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack ?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal ? three or four bonds of forty pounds a piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord ; and I said, I heard your Grace say so ; and, my Lord, he speaks most

vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox *; and for womanhood, Maid Marian † may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it. I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess, and he flanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said, this other day, you owed him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million; thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

* That is, a fox drawn over the ground to leave a scent, and keep the hounds in exercise, while they are not employed in a better chase. *Revisal.*

† In the ancient songs of *Robin Hood*, frequent mention is made of *Maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. *Mr Percy.*

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pockets! why, thou whoreson, impudent, imboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdyhouses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet thou wilt stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.—You confess then you pick'd my pocket.

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee; go, make ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason. Thou seest I am pacify'd still.—Nay, I pr'ythee be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*]

Now, Hal, to the news at court? For the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Eal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief of two and twenty or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph,——

Bard. My Lord?

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John. This to my Lord of Westmorland; go.—Peto, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall at two o'clock in the afternoon, there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower ly.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!——Hostess, my breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hotspur.

WELL said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp.

Should go so gen'ral current through the world.
By Heav'n I cannot flatter, I defy
The tongues of flatters; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself;
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Doug. Thou art the King of honour;
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him——

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well——

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there?——

I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous sick.

Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a juggling time? who leads his pow'rs?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would' the state of time had first been
Ere he by sickness had been visited; [whole,
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? droop now? this sickness doth in-
The very life-blood of our enterprize; [test
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here, that inward sickness——

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soon be drawn; nor thought he meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off;
And yet, in faith, 'tis not—His present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast; to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read*
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We now may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement † lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division; it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings kept the Earl from hence;
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know, we of th' offending side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father draws a curtain
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dream'd upon.

Hot. You strain too far;
I rather of his absence make this use,
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,

* Therein should we *risque*. Johnson.

† A support to which we may have recourse. *Johnson*.

A larger dare to our great enterprife,
 Than if the Earl were here; for men must think,
 If we without his help can make a head,
 To push against the kingdom; with his help,
 We shall o'eturn it toposly turvy down.
 —Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear. [word

S. C. E. N. E II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul!

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome,
 Lord.

The Earl of Westmorland, sev'n thousand strong,
 Is marching hither, with Prince John of Lancaster.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
 The King himself in person hath set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too: where is his son,
 The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that dash the world aside,
 And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
 All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind:
 Baited like eagles*, having lately bath'd:
 Glittering in golden coats like images,
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

* I read,

All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind.

Baited like eagles.

This gives a strong image. They were not only plum'd
 like estridges, but their plumes fluttered like those of an
 estridge on the wing mounting against the wind. A more
 lively representation of young men ardent for enter-
 prize perhaps no writer has ever given. *Johnson.*

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
 And vaulted with such ease in'o his seat,
 As if an angel drop'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horfemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in
 March,

This praise doth nourish agues; let them come.
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse—
 Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a coarse.
 Oh, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his pow'r this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach
 unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The pow'r of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily;
 Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to a public Road, near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march thro'; we'll to Sutton-cold-field to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewell. [Exit.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a fow'd gurnet*. I have misus'd the king's press damnably; I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; such as fear the report of a culverin, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter; with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads; and they have bought out their services. And now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers; revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old-feast ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that

* *i. e.* a pickled anchovy. *Johnson.*

have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such skare-crows: I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stoll'n from my host of St Albans, or the red-nos'd inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal?—How now, mad wag, what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmorland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty I know not where

they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste, Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that lives.

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up ;
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day,
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
 That not a horse is half half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
 In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low ;
 The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours :
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpets sound a parley.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt : and, would to
 You were of our determination : [God
 Some of us love you well ; and ev'n those some
 Envy your great deservings, and good name,
 Because you are not of our quality,
 But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And Heav'n defend, but still I should stand
 So long as out of limit, and true rule, [fo,
 You stand against anointed majesty !
 But, to my charge—The King hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
 You conjure, from the breast of civil peace,
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
 Audacious cruelty. If that the King
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
 You shall have your desires, with interest,
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein mislead by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind, and well we know the
 King
 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he wears ;

And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when we heard him swear and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
They, more and less, came in with cap and knee,
Met him on boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge.
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fav'rites that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point——

In short time after he depos'd the King,
Soon after that depriv'd him of his life,
And, in the neck of that, talk'd the whole state*.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,

* I suppose it should be, *tax'd* the whole state. *Johns.*

Indeed his King, to be incag'd in Wales,
 There without ransom to ly forfeited;
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my uncle from the council-board,
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court,
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety †; and withal to pry
 Into his title too, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.

—Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again;
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes. And so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and

Hot. It may be so we shall. [love!]

Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

York. Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealed
 With winged haste to the Lord Marshal; [brief*]
 This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 How much they do import, you wou'd make haste.

Sir Mich. My Lord, I guess their tenour.

York. Like enough.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch; for, Sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly giv'n to understand,
 The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir Michael,
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 Whose pow'r was in the first proportion,

† This army from which I hope for protection. *Johns.*

* A brief is simply a letter. *Johns.*

And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew † too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear the pow'r of Percy is too weak,
To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, there's Douglas,
and Lord Mortimer.

York. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Harry
Percy,

And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is; but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together,
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmorland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more co-rivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my Lord, they shall be well
oppos'd.

York. I hope no less; yet, needful 'tis to fear.
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp at Shrewsbury.

*Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of
Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter
Blunt, and Falstaff.*

K. Henry.

HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale

† i. e. accounted a strong aid. *Pope.*

At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of Wor'ster? 'tis
not well

That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it, Sir! how
comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office I did break
In Richard's time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand;
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The feat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid; but in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming suff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead;
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To grip the gen'ral sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were forc'd for safety's sake to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand oppos'd by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articulated,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did insurrection want

Such water-colours to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit Worcester with Vernon.*]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge.

For on their answer we will set on them.
And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest Heav'n a death.

[*Exit P. Henry.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on; but how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning.—Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it; honour is a meer scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Percy's Camp.

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be

*The King should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults.
 Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
 For treason is but trusted like a fox,
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks,
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood;
 And an adopted name of privilege,
 A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's; we did train him on;
 And his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd.

—Deliver up my Lord of Westmorland.

—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmorland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you then and tell him so.

Doug. Marry I shall; and very willingly.

[*Exit Douglas.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
 He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge,
 With haughty arms, this hateful name in us.

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth;
And Westmorland, that was ingag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the
King,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise:
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you.
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself *,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince, so wild, at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed. And fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,

* Cital for taxation. Pope.

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best. And here I draw
A sword whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperanza *! Percy! and set on;
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heav'n to earth †, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[They embrace, then exeunt. The trumpets sound.]

S C E N E VI.

The King entereth with his power: Alarm to the battle.

Then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battle
crossest me?

* This was the word of battle on Percy's side. See
Hall's chronicle, folio 22. Pope.

† i. e. one might wager heaven to earth. Warburton.

What honour dost thou seek upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought

Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt is slain, then enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
thus,

I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies
the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no. I know his face full well;
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sensibly furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. Ah! fool go with thy soul, whither it goes;
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Alarm, Enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot free* at London,

* A lay upon shot, as it means the part of a reckoning,
and a missive weapon discharged from artillery. Johnson.

I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou! Sir Walter Blunt? there's honour for you; here's no vanity!—I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too; Heav'n keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels!—I have led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd, there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword;

Many a noble man lyes stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory * never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword, but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it a bottle of sack.*]

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado * of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*]

* Meaning Gregory the VII. called *Hildebrand*.

† A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut crosswise for the gridiron. *Johnson.*

S C E N E VIII.

Alarm, Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyself, thou bleedest too much. Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beseech your majesty make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmorland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my Lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord? I do not need your help;

And Heav'n forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lyes trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres?

Lan. We breathe too long; come, cousin Westmorland,

Our duty this way lyes; for Heav'n's sake come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me,
Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. Oh, this boy

Lends mettle to us all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet King Henry. Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another King? they grow, like Hydra's
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those [heads.
That wear those colours on them What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, Douglas,
grieves at heart,

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So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight: the King being in danger,

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou
art like

Never to hold it up again; the spirits
Of Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but means to pay.

[They fight, Douglas flyeth.

Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton strait.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a while;
Thou hast redeem'd my lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n! they did me too much in-
That ever said I hearken'd for your death. [Jury,
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treach'rous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicho-
las Gawsey. *[Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my
name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales : and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us ; and would to Heav'n,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from
thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal ; to it, Hal.—Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls
down as if he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
my flesh ;

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
And time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lyes on my tongue. Now, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee
well, great heart !

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound :
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I should not make so great a show of zeal;
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
 And, ev'n in thy behalf, I thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n;
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*]

—What! old acquaintance! could not all this
 Keep in a little life? poor Jack! farewell. [*flesh*]
 I could have better spar'd a better man.
 Oh, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fair a deer to-day,
 Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by.
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy ly. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E X.

Falstaff rises.

Fal. Imbowell'd!—if thou imbowel me to-day,
 I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, tho' he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft ! whom have we here ?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ?

P. Henry. I did, I saw him dead,

And breathless on the ground—Art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-sight ?

I pr'ythee speak ; we will not trust our eyes

Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double man ;
but if I am not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.
There is Percy : if your father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look either to be earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy, I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou ? Lord, Lord, how the world is giv'n to lying ! I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and so was he ; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not, let them that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh ; if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back ;

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, Heav'n reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XII.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Ill-spirited Wor'ster, did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you? And would'st thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl, and many a creature else, Had been alive this hour, If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to; And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to death, and Vernon Other offenders we will pause upon. [*too.*]

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Henry. The gallant Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest,
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and, I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to This honourable bounty shall belong. [*you*
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

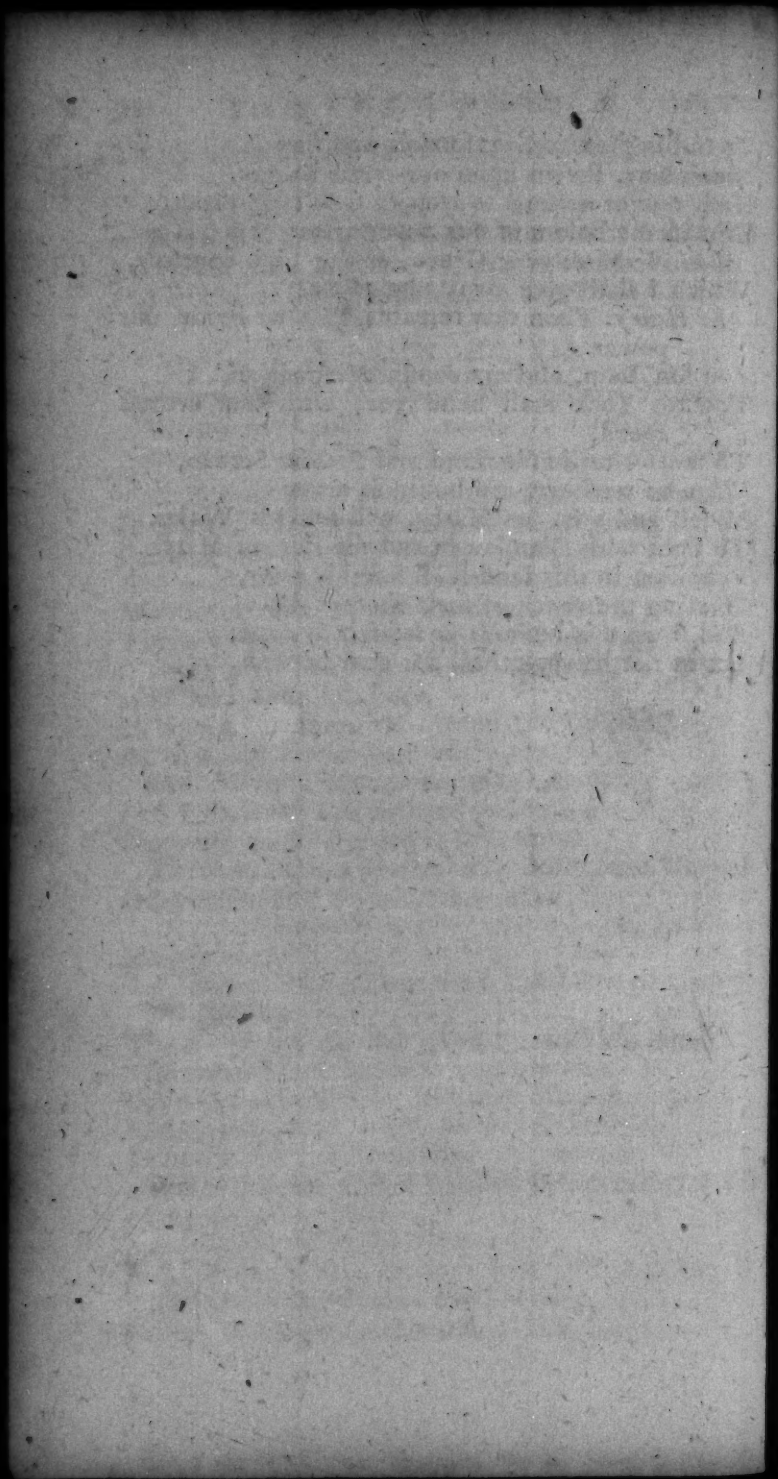
Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains, that we divide our
power.

You son John, and my cousin Westmorland,
Tow'rds York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland and Prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
Myself and you, son Harry, will tow'rds Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]



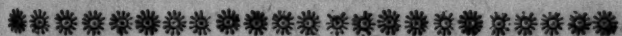
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THE SECOND PART
OF
HENRY IV.
Containing his DEATH:
AND THE
CORONATION
OF
KING HENRY V.



Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY the Fourth.

Prince HENRY.

Prince JOHN of Lancaster.

HUMPHRY of Gloucester.

THOMAS of Clarence.

NORTHUMBERLAND,

Archbishop of York,

MOWBRAY,

HASTINGS,

Lord BARDOLPH,

TRAVERS,

MORTON,

COLEVILE,

WARWICK,

WESTMORLAND,

SURREY,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

Lord Chief Justice,

FALSTAFF, POINS, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, PETO,
and PAGE.

SHALLOW and SILENCE, country Justices.

DAYY, servant to Shallow.

PHANG and SNARE, two serjeants.

MOULDY,

SHADOW,

WART,

FEEBLE,

BULCALF,

} country soldiers.

} against the King.

} of the King's party.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lady PERCY, wife to Hotspur.

Hostess QUICKLY.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

I N D U C T I O N.

*Enter RUMOUR *, painted full of tongues.*

OPEN your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour
speaks?

I from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it: But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Ev'n with the rebels' blood. But what mean I

* This speech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoe-
tical, but is wholly useless, since we are told nothing
which the first scene does not naturally discover. The
only end of such prologues is to inform the audience
of some facts previous to the action, of which they can
have no knowledge from the persons of the drama.

Johnson.

I N D U C T I O N.

To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns,
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury,
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone;
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lyes crafty sick. The posts come tiring on;
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's
 tongues,
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
 wrongs. [Exit.]

THE SECOND PART
OF
HENRY IV.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Lord Bardolph; the Porter at the door.

Bardolph.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;

Please it your honour knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? ev'ry minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem.

The times are wild: contention, like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,

* The transactions comprised in this history take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed; and closes with the death of King Henry IV. and the coronation of King Henry V. *Theobald.*

VOL. V.

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And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, if Heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish.

The King is almost wounded to the death:

And in the fortune of my Lord your son,

Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,

And Westmorland and Stafford, fled the field;

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,

Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,

So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,

Came not till now, to dignify the times,

Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my Lord, that came
from thence,

A gentleman well bred, and of good name;

That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way,

And he is furnish'd with no certainties,

More than he, haply, may retail from me.

SCENE II.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you?

Tra. My Lord, Sir John Umfrevil turn'd me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,

Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard

A gentleman, almost fore-spent with speed,

That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse;

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him

I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.

He told me, that rebellion had ill luck;

And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha?—again—

Said he, your Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you,
If my young Lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by
Travers
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?

He was some hilding * fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

S C E N E III.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the stroud, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble Lord,
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,

* For hinderling, i. e. base, degenerate. *Pope.*

And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
 This thou would'st say: your son did thus, and thus;
 Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with brother, son, and all are dead!

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
 But for my Lord your son——

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath.
 He that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, Morton, speak,
 Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainsay'd:
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
 I see a strange confession in thine eye,
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.
 The tongue offends not that reports his death;
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
 Not he which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
 That which, I would to Heav'n, I had not seen;
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To Henry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
 From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
 In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;

For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in its self,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor'ster
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the King hath won ; and hath sent out
A speedy pow'r to encounter you, my Lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmorland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic ; and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle * under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms ; ev'n so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou nice
crutch ;

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly quondam,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The ruggedst hour that time and spite dare bring.
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland !
Let heav'n kiss earth ! now let not nature's hand

* Bend ; yield to pressure.

Keep the wild flood confin'd ; let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a lingring act :
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
 Lord !

Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health : the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast th' event of war, my noble Lord,
 And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head. It was your presumise,
 That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop ;
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er ;
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars ; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;
 Yet did you say, *Go forth.* And none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being, which was like to be ?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dang'rous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one ;
 And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
 Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
 And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time ; and my most noble
 Lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
 With well-appointed powers. He is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My Lord, your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shews of men to fight ;

For that same word, *rebellion*, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and souls,
This word, *rebellion*, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop
Turns insurrection to religion;
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge.
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Street in London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant! what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, Sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that own'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded-clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other

reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson Mandrake *, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate † till now; but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master for a jewel: the Juvenal, the prince your master! whose chin is not yet fledged; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finish it when it will, it is not an hair amiss yet; he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it, and yet he will be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Mr Dombledon about the sattin for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours, he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton, may his tongue be hotter. A whoreson Achitophel, a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand ‡, and then stand upon *security*.—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up ||, then they must stand upon *security*. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to

* *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony.

Johnson.

† That is, I never before had an *agate* for my man.

Johnson.

‡ Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones for seals. *Warburton.*

§ To bear in hand, is to keep in expectation. *Johnson.*

|| That is, If a man, by taking up goods, is in their debt.

Johnson.

stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of sattin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance: and the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your Worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's †, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. If I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

S C E N E V.

Enter Chief Justice and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your Lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my Lord. But he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff,——

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? tho' it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

† At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. *Warburton.*

Serv. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? if thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt-counter*, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my Lord would speak to you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! God give your Lordship good time of day. I am gläd to see your Lordship abroad; I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship; tho' not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you; some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your Lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury——

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I hear his Majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.——

Fal. And I hear moreover his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heav'n mend him! I pray let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your Lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of it in Galen. It is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into that disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

* That is, blunderer. Johnson.

Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not list'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my Lord, but not so patient. Your Lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my counsel learned in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have missed the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath missed me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill. You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My Lord——

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my Lord, all tallow; but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.—

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my Lord, your angel is light: but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant I cannot go; I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-mongers' days *, that true valour is turned bear-herd; pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? fy, fy, fy, Sir John.

Fal. My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it

* In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. *Johnson.*

like a sensible Lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young Lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heav'n send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heav'n send the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath fever'd you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it: but look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but a bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.—But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest: I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and Heav'n bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmorland. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy,——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

V O L. V.

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Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of Westmorland, and this to old Mrs Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or t'other plays the rogue with my great toe; it is no matter if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter Archbishop of York, Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marshal), and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means:

Now, my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puissance of the King?

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;

Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point :
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand.
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise,
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for, in-
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury. [deed,

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himself with
Eating the air, on promise of supply ; [hope,
Flatt'ring himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts ;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant action : a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ? at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men,
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his pow'r to build it ; who, half through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
A waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,

I think we are a body strong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one pow'r against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us; so is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers found
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

York. That he should draw his sev'ral strengths together,

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,

He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels; never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmorland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on;

And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond Many! with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heav'n with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be?

And now, being trim'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that when Richard liv'd would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave;
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, O earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurs'd!
Past and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter Hostess, with two Officers, Phang and Snare.

Hostess.

MR Phang, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman? is he a lusty yeoman? will he stand to it?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay, good Mr Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good Mr Snare, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stab'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly; he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither.——I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. If I but fift him once; if he come but within my vice.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Mr Phang, hold him sure; good Mr Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner, saving your manhoods, to buy a saddle: and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbard's-head in Lombard-street, to Mr Smooth's the Silkman. I pray ye, since my action is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long lone, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Mr Phang and Mr Snare, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mrs Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets. Draw, Bardolph, cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the kennel.

Host. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou hony-suckle villain*, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou hony-seed rogue! thou art a hony-seed*, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

* The landlady's corruption of *homicidal* and *homicide*.
Theobald.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A rescue, a rescue!

Hof. Good people, bring a rescue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-seed.

Fal. Away, you scullion, you rampallian, you fustilarian: I'll tickle your catastrophe.

S C E N E II.

Enter Chief Justice attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hof. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.
—Stand from him, fellow? wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Hof. O my most worshipful Lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Hof. It is more than for some, my Lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his.—But I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? fy, what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hof. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on

Wednesday in Whitsunweek, when the Prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? did not good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes, in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with Sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap* without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my Lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say

* A Yorkshire word for rebuke. Pope.

to you, I desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation †, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Aside.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter a Messenger.

Ch. Just. Mr Gower, what news?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and Henry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman——

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses is the only drinking; and for the walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; do'st not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pr'ythee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still——

Host. Well, you shall have it though I pawn my

† That is, answer in a manner suitable to your character.

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gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live?—Go with her, with her: hook on, hook on. *[To the officers.]*

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess and Serjeant.]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gower. At Basingstoke, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the news, my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble Lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good Mr Gower.

Fal. My Lord,——

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good Lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in the countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV.

*Continues in London.**Enter Prince Henry and Poins.**P. Henry.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.*P. Henry.* It doth me, though it discolours the completion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me to desire small beer?*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.*P. Henry.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast? (*viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones); or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use; but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland*.*Poins.* How ill it follows after you have labour'd so hard you should talk so idly? Tell me how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours at this time is.*P. Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

* The quarto of 1600 adds: *And God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.* This passage Mr Pope restored from the first edition. I think it may as well be omitted, and therefore have degraded it to the margin. *Johnson.*

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend), I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason.

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have seemed so lewd, and so much ingrafted to Falstaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falstaff; he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

S C E N E V.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. to the boy.] Come, you virtuous ass, and bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy. What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream *.

P. Henry. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect;—and how doth the Martlemas † your master?

* Shakespeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom. *Johnson.*

† That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring; the old fellow with juvenile passions. *Johnson.*

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen † to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins reads. John Falstaff, Knight—Every man must know that as often as he hath occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say, *there is some of the king's blood spilt. How comes that?* says he that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, *I am the king's poor cousin, Sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But, to the letter.

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, Knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.* Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman* in brevity. Sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him. Jack Falstaff with my familiars: John with my brothers and sisters: and Sir John with all Europe.*

Poins. My Lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

† The swollen excrescence of a man. *Johnson.*

* I suppose by the honourable Roman is meant Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of this letter. *Revisal.*

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in East-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my Lord, of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mrs Quickly and Mrs Doll Tearsheet.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Henry. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you, boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: go. This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St Albans and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension. It was Jove's case. From a prince to a apprentice! a low transformation; that shall be mine. For in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Northumberland's Castle.**Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.*

North. I pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs. [ter,
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy, troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more;
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for Heav'n's sake, go not to
these wars.

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his pow'rs; but he did look in vain!
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heav'n; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,

To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible. So you left him.
Never, O never do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him. Let them alone:
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, (hanging on Hotspur's neck),
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-sights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. Fly to Scotland,
'Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and 'vantage of the
king,
Then join you with them like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son:
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance * with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with
my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back;
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Alluding to the plant rosemary, so called, and used
in funerals. *Warburton.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Boar's-Head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? Apple-johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2 Draw. Ma's! thou sayest true. The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down; and see if thou can'st find out Sneak's noise; Mrs Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch!—The room where they supt is too hot, they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. Then here will be old Utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Hostess and Dol.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality, your pulsfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i' faith, you have drank too much Canaries, and that's a marvelous searching wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can say *what's this*. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.—

Hof. Why, that was well said. A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—empty the journey—*and was a worthy King.* How now, Mrs Doll?

Hof. Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her feet; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mrs Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls and owches.—For to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Hof. By my troth this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-ger? one must bear, and that must be you; you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To Dol.]

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuf in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack.—Thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is no body cares.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'd st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here. No, by my faith I must live amongst my neighbours, I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door, there comes no swaggerers; here I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? —

Host. Pray you pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear—it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick the deputy the other day; and, as he said to me—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last—neighbour Quickly, says he; Master Domb our minister was by then—neighbour Quickly, says he, receive those that are civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill name; (now he said so, I can tell whereupon); for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive, says he, no swaggering companions.—There come none here. You would blest you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroak him as gently as a puppye-greyhound; he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse when

one says, swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do-I, as if it were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

S C E N E X.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Pist. Save you, Sir John.

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack, do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets; I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure. I—

Pist. Then to you, Mrs Dorothy, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion! what, you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate. Away, you mouldy rogue, away, I'm meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung, away. By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the sawcy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler. You.—Since when, I pray you, Sir?—what, with two points on your shoulder? much *!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I wou'd not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? if cap-

* For much the Oxford editor reads *marche*.

tains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? —he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sort'd; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good antient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, —I could tear her. I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first: to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I; down! down, dogs; down, fates; have we not Hiren* here?

Host. Good Captain Peefel, be quiet, it is very late; I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia, [horses
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good ancient. This will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins; have we not Hiren* here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-ger do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis; come, give me some sack. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

* Meaning his sword.

Fear we broad-sides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack; and, sweet-heart, ly thou
there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are & cætera's
nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we
have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs, I cannot endure
such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs? know we not gal-
loway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-
groat shilling. Nay, if he do nothing but speak no-
thing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What, shall we have incision? shall we im-
brue? then death

Rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days:

Why, then let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three. Come, Atropos, I say.

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, Jack, I pr'ythee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forswear keep-
ing house, before I'll be in these tirrits and frights.
So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up
your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, Jack, be quiet, the rascal is gone.
Ah, you whoreson, little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought
he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the rascal's drunk. You have
hurt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!—

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you. Alas, poor
ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy
face—come on, you whoreson chops—ah, rogue! I

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love thee,—thou art as valourous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. A villain!

Fal. A rascally slave; I will telfs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

Dol. I faith, and thou follow'd'st him like a church. Thou whoreson little tydie Bartholomew Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

S C E N E XI.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Fal. Peace, good Doll, do not speak like a death's-head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard, there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of a leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which

the Prince admits him, for the Prince himself is such another, the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their Averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kifs me, Dol.

P. Henry. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And look whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables †, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. By my troth, I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday. Thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come—it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou wilt set me a-weeping if thou say'st so. Prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's! and art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

† We should read, *clasping too his master's old tables, &c.* i. e. embracing his master's cast-off-whore, and now his bawd, [*his note-book, his counsel-keeper.*] Warburton.

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! Welcome to London.—Now Heaven bless that sweet face of thine. What, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Dol.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. Blessing on your good heart, and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill; you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on my honour, no abuse.

P. Henry. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject—and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse Hal; none, Ned; none; no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women——

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! for the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law, for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so. What is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman.

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the North; and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By Heav'ns, Poin's, I feel me much to
So idly to profane the precious time. [blame,
When tempest of commotion, like the South
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poin's.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the
night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd.
More knocking at the door?—how now? what's the
matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, presently; a
dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, Sirrah. Farewell, host-
els; farewell, Dol. You see, my good wenches,
how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver
may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on.
Farewell, good wenches; if I be not sent away
post, I will see you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready
to burst—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [Exit.

Host. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee
these twenty-nine years, come pescod-time; but an
honestest and truer-hearted man—well, fare thee
well.

Bard. Mrs Tearsheet——

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mrs Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Dol, run; run, good Dol.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace in London.

Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry.

GO, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these
letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[Exit Page:

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common larum bell†?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shroud,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King, then, happy lowly clown!
Uneasy lyes the head that wears a crown.

† This alludes to the watchmen set in garrison-towns, upon some eminence, attending on an alarum bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakespeare. Hammer.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Warwick and Surrey.**War.* Many good morrows to your Majesty!*K. Henry.* Is it good morrow, Lords?*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.*K. Henry.* Why, then, good morrow to you.
Well, my Lords,

Have you read o'er the letters I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.*K. Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our
kingdom,How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.*War.* It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.*K. Henry.* Oh Heav'n, that one might read the
book of fate,And see the revolution of the times,
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea; and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone,

Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, ev'n to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?

(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember)

[To Warwick.]

When Richard with his eye brim-full of tears*,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophesy,
"Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
"My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne:"
Though then, Heav'n knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
"The time will come", thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
"Shall break into corruption:" so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings ly intreaured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,

* He refers to *King Richard*, Act V. Sc. 2. But whether the King's or the author's memory fails him, so it was; that Warwick was not present at that conversation.

The pow'rs that you already have sent forth
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance that Glendower's dead.
 Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel;
 And were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, Justices; with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early stirrer, by the rood.
 And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd *lusty Shallow* then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-buckers in all the Inns of Court again; and I may say to you we knew where the *bona-*

roba's were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Schoggan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Grays-Inn. O the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure. Death (as the Psalmist saith) is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead!—see, see—he drew a good bow. And dead?—he shot a fine shoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapt in the clowt * at twelve score, and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half †, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.——How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be. A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

* *i. e.* hit the white mark. *Warburton.*

† That is, fourteen score of yards. *Johnson.*

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, Sir, a poor Esquire of this country, one of the King's Justices of the Peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you, my captain Sir John Falstaff; a tall gentleman, by Heav'n! and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, Sir, I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my Lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir: and it is well said indeed too; *better accommodated*—it is good, yea, indeed is it; good phrases surely are, and ever were, very commendable. *Accommodated*—it comes of *accommodo*; very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day I know not the phrase, but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. *Accommodated*, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand: give me your Worship's good hand. Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think,—

Shal. No, Sir John, it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Mr Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

[*Embraces him.*]

Fal. Fy, this is hot weather—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so. Yea, marry, Sir. Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call. Let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John; a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent, i' faith. Things, that are mouldy, lack use. Very singular good. Well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, if you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery; you need not to have prick'd me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace. Stand aside. Know you where you are? For the other, Sir John.—Let me see—Simon Shadow.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow; so the son of the female is the shadow of the male; it is often so, indeed, but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer ; prick him ; for we have a number of shadows do fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he ?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart ?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John ?

Fal. It were superfluous ; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins ; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha.—You can do it, Sir ; you can do it ; I commend you well. Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble ?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir ?

Fal. You may : but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat ?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir ; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor ; well said, courageous Feeble. Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful-dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow, deep, Master Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is the next ?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my lord captain——

Fal. What, dost thou roar before th' art prick'd?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whoreson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in St George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never. She would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass I could anger her to the heart. She was then a *bona-roba* *. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen!—hah, Sir John, said I well?

* A fine showy wanton.

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, Hem, boys. — Come, let's to dinner. — Oh, the days that we have seen! come, come.

Bul. aside to Bardolph.] Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and for my own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake stand my friend; she hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a base mind; if it be my destiny, so; if it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith I will bear no base mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf—For you Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to chuse a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big-semblance of a man? give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is, he shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket*. And this same half-fac'd fellow Shadow, give me this man, he presents no mark to the enemy; the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife. And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said, Wart, thou art a good scab. Hold, there is a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-End Green, when I lay at Clement's-Inn, I was then Sir Dagonet † in Arthur's Show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; rah, tah, tah, would he say; bounce, would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come. I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master Shallow, God keep you; farewell, Master Silence. I will not use many words with you, fare you well,

* *i. e.* swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders. *Johnson.*

† Sir Dagonet was King Arthur's squire.

gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace. As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Shal. and Sil.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! this same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbalf-street; and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick-sight were invincible. He was the very Genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him *mandrake*. He came ever in the re-reward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scrutcht hufwives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his Fancies, or his *Good-nights*. And now is this vice's daggar become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truss'd him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him—a court—and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two.

stones * to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there's an end. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to a Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Colevile.

York.

What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest.

York. Here stand, my Lords, and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland,
Their cold intent, tenour and substance thus. —
Here doth he wish his person, with such powr's
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
And dash themselves to pieces. [ground,

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;

* i. e. twice the worth of the philosopher's stone.

Canons of Criticism.

150 The SECOND PART of Act IV.

And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them
Let us sway on, and face them in the field. [out.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmorland.

West. Health and fair-greeting from our general,
The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.

York. Say on, my Lord of Westmorland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my Lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble Lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection.

With your fair honours. You, my Lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves*, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly, to this end. We are all diseas'd,

* For graves, Dr Warburton very plausibly reads *glaves*,
and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Joh. son.*

And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late King Richard being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmorland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer;

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our most quiet sphere,
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person,
E'en by those men that most have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's civil edge?

York. My brother-general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,

I make my quarrel in particular *.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's feignories,
Your noble and right-well remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force per force, compell'd to banish him.
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted and both rowled in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down;
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, [staid
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives,

* The sense is, As to my own particular quarrel, or ground of my complaint, I avouch it to be founded upon the injuries done to the commonwealth; to which I consider myself as connected by that general relation of brotherhood, which unites all those who live under the same government; and upon the private cruelty exercised upon my own family, by the tumultuary and illegal execution of my own born brother. *Revisal.*

That by indictment, or by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now, you know
not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom fortune would then have
But if your father had been victor there, [smil'd?
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blest'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs, to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience, and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lyes,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well; by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence;
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

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York. Then take, my Lord of Westmorland, this
For this contains our general grievances. [Schedule,
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form *;
And present executions of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you,
In sight of both our battles, we may meet; [Lords,
And either end in peace, which Heav'n so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My Lord, we will do so. [Exit West.

S C E N E III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that; if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action;
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my Lord, note this; the King is
Of dainty and such picking grievances †: [weary
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.

* That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity.

Johnson.

† I cannot but think that this line is corrupted, and
that we should read,

Of picking out such dainty grievances. Johnson.

And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion;
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unsalten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his pow'r, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
'Here is return'd my Lord of Westmorland.

Enter Westmorland.

West. The Prince is here at hand, pleaseth your
Lordship

To meet his Grace, just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of York in God's name then
set forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace.—My Lord, we
come.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray;
Good day to you, my gentle Lord Archbishop;

And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
 My Lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text,
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the count'nance of the King,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness? With you, Lord Bishop,
 It is ev'n so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
 To us the speaker in his parliament,
 To us th' imagin'd voice of Heav'n itself,
 The very opener and intelligencer
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heav'n,
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of Heav'n,
 As a false favourite doth his Prince's name,
 In deeds dishon'rabl? you've taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;
 And both against the peace of heav'n and him
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

York. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace,
 But, as I told my Lord of Westmorland,
 The time misorder'd doth in common sense
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the
 Whereon this Hydra-son of war is born, [court;
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
 With grant of our most just and right desire;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
And so success * of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold his quarrel up,
While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
To sound the bottom of the after-times. [shallow,

West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them di-
How far-forth you do like their articles? [restly,

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My Lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my life they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your pow'rs unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go, Captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part.
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, Captain.

[Exit Coleville.

York. To you, my noble Lord of Westmorland.

West. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what
pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

* Success, for succession. *Warb.*

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Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz, since sudden
sorrow

Serves to say thus, some good thing comes to-
morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true. [*Shouts.*]

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they
shout.

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my Lord,
And let our army be discharged too. [*Exit West.*
—And, good my Lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good Lord Hastings;
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*]
Lan. I trust, Lords, we shall ly to-night together.

S C E N E V.

Re-enter Westmorland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders having charge; from you to
Will not go off until they hear you speak. [*Stand,*

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My Lord, our army is dispers'd already;
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their course
East, West, North, South; or like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the
which

I do arrest thee, traitor of high treason;
And you, Lord Archbishop; and you, Lord Mow-
Of capital treason I attach you both. [bray,

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none;

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heav'n, and not we, have safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath*.

[*Exeunt. Alarm, Excursions.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Falstaff and Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition
are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, Sir; and my name is *Cole-
vile* of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight
is your degree, and your place the Dale. Colevile
shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and
the dungeon your place, a place deep enough. So
shall you still be Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am.
Do ye yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? if I do
sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep
for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trem-
bling, and do observance to my mercy.

* It cannot but raise some indignation to find this
horrible violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the
poet, without any note of censure or detestation. *Johns.*

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmorland.

Lan. The heat is past, follow no farther now, Call in the pow'rs, good cousin Westmorland.

[*Exit West.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my Lord, but it should be thus. I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome there, Cæsar, — I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her, believe not the

word of the noble. Therefore let me have right,
and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good Lord, that may
do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but
thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away gratis;
and I thank thee for thee.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Westmorland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile then, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.
[*Ex. with Colevile.*]

And now dispatch we tow'rd the court, my Lords.
I hear the King my father is sore sick;
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beseech you give me leave to
go through Glo'stershire; and when you come to
court, 'pray stand my good Lord in your good re-
port.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff; I in my condition
shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere bet-
ter than your dukedom. Good faith, this same
young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a
man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel,

he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it; it ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardise; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by the devil, 'till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go: I'll through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, Esq. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come, away. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to the Palace at Westminster.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Now, Lords, if Heav'n doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our pow'r collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lyes level to our wish;
Only we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphry, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at Windsor.

K. Henry. And how accompany'd?

Glou. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my Lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers, cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
 Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day, for melting charity;
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws* congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper therefore must be well observ'd;
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
 But being moody, give him line and scope,
 'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,
 As, force-per-force, the age will pour it in,
 Shall never leak, though it doth work as strong
 As Aconitum, or rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompany'd? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,

* Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. Johnson.

Is overspread with them; therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
 And rotten times that you shall look upon,
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 Oh, with what wings shall his affection fly
 Tow'rd fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him
 quite;

The Prince but studies his companions
 Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
 Your Highness knows comes to no farther use,
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The Prince will in the perfectness of time
 Cast off his followers; and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave
 her comb
 In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmorland!

S C E N E IX.

Enter Westmorland.

West. Health to my Sovereign, and new happiness
 Added to that which I am to deliver!
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand;
 Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But Peace puts forth her olive ev'ry where.
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
 With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O Westmorland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies Heav'n keep your Majesty:
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great pow'r of English and of Scots,
Are by the Sh'riff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.

O me, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majesty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

West. My sovereign Lord, cheer up yourself, look
up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know these
Are with his Highness very ordinary. [sits]
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly birds of nature.
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before

That our great grandsire Edward sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glow. This apoplex will certain be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me
hence

Into some other chamber. Softly pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon the pillow here.

Gla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

S C E N E X.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Gla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none
How doth the King? [abroad?

Glow. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glow. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick with joy,
He'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my Lords. Sweet Prince,
speak low;

The King your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Gla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit and watch here by the
King. [Exeunt all but P. Henry.

Why doth the crown ly there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night. Sleep with it now.—

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet

As he, whose brow with homely biggen bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lyes a downy feather, which stirs not;
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move.—My gracious Lord! my father!
 —This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits.

[*Putting it on his head.*]

Which Heav'n shall guard; and put the world's
 whole strength
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me. This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit,*

SCENE XI.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, and Clarence.

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? how-fares your
 Grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my
 Lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you. [*Liege,*

K. Henry. The Prince of Wales? where is he?
 let me see him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where
 we stay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from
 my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? find him, my Lord of Warwick,
And chide him hither straight; this part of his
Conjoins with my disease, and helps to end me.
See, sons, what things you are! how quickly nature

Falls to revolt when gold becomes her object?
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry; for this engrossed
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r,
Our thighs are pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
'Till his friend Sicknefs hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quaffs but blood,
Would by beholding him have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry—
—Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought;

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

Thou hast stoln that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation;

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my frail life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear

That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.—

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;

Only compound me with forgotten dust,

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.—

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form;

Henry the Fifth is crown'd. Up, Vanity!

Down, royal State! All you sage counsellors, hence;

And to the English court assemble now,

From ey'ry region, apes of idleness;

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum;

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more;

England shall double gild his treble guilt,

England shall give him office, honour, might;

For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows,
 When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my
 tears, [Kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dire and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And he that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
 Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to shew th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed.
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were),
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father,
 Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold:
 Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable;
 But thou most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, royal Liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it, as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,

Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my son!

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel.
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
 I met this crown; and I myself know well
 How troublesome it fate upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil * of the atchievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed;
 Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears †,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered.
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene,
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd; which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,

* Soil is spot; dirt, turpitude, reproach. Johnson.

† Fear is here used in the active sense, for that which
 causes fear. Johnson.

Left rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be;
 Which I with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of
 Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace and happiness to my royal
 father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
 son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight
 My worldly business makes a period.
 Where is my Lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My Lord of Warwick. ———

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my noble Lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God! even there my life
 must end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
 I should not die but in *Jerusalem*,
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.
 But bear me to that chamber, there I'll ly:
 In that *Jerusalem* shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.**Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph,
and Page.**Shallow.***B**Y cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-night.
What! Davy, I say——*Fal.* You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve: you shall not be excus'd. Why, Davy!——*Enter Davy.**Davy.* Here, Sir.*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy, let me see;—yea, marry, William Cook, bid him come higher.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.*Davy.* Marry, Sir, thus. Those precepts cannot be serv'd; and again, Sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But, for William Cook.—Are there no young pigeons?*Davy.* Yea, Sir—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing, and plow-irons.*Shal.* Let it be cast and paid—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.*[Goes to the other side of the stage.]**Davy.* Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had. And Sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckly fair?*Shal.* He shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws. Tell William Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend
i' th' court is better than a penny in purse. Use
his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves,
and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, Sir;
for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business,
Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance Wil-
liam Visor of Wancot against Clement Perkes of
the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against
that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my
knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship that he is a knave,
Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave should
have some countenance at his friend's request. An
honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when
a knave is not. I have serv'd your Worship truly,
Sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or
twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an ho-
nest man, I have but very little credit with your
Worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir,
therefore I beseech your Worship let him be coun-
tenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I say, he shall have no wrong. Look
about, Davy. Where are you, Sir John? Come,
off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master
Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Ma-
ster Bardolph. And welcome, my tall fellow. [To
the page.] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shal-
low. [Exeunt Shallow, Silence, &c.] Bardolph,
look to our horses.—If I were saw'd into quan-
tities, I should make four dozen of such bearded
hermites-staves as Master Shallow. It is a won-
derful thing to see the semblable coherence of his
mens' spirits and his; they, by observing of him,
do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by con-

versing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like servingman. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another, therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Henry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms or two actions *, and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. within.] Sir John——

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. *[Exit Falstaff.]*

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Court in London.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him:

* There is something humorous in making a spend-thrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. *Johnson.*

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you
not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and
Clarence.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry.
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

Glou. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my Lord, you've lost a friend
indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier; 'would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff
fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in
honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forefals'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King, my master that is dead.

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

S C E N E III.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Just. Heav'n save your Majesty!

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, Majesty!

Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry, Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by Heav'n, I bid you be assur'd

I'll be your father and your brother too.

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears

By number into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

K. Henry. You all look strangely on me; and you
most; [To the Chief Justice.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No! might a Prince of my great hopes
forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

Th' immediate heir of England? was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me;

And in th' administration of his law,

While I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
 The image of the King whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment :
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at naught,
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person,
 Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your working in a second body *.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son,
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
 After this cold consid'rance, sentence me ;
 And as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

K. Henry. You are right, Justice, and you weigh
 this well,

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword ;
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words ;
 ' Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 ' That dares do justice on my proper son ;
 ' And no less happy, having such a son,
 ' That would deliver up his greatness so
 ' Into the hand of justice.'—You committed me ;
 For which I do commit into your hand
 The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear ;

* To treat with contempt your acts executed by a
 representative. *Johnson.*

With this remembrance, that you use the same
 With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a father to my youth,
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.
 And Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world;
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
 After my seeming. Tho' my tide of blood
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high Court of Parliament;
 And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To the Lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite
 As I before remember'd, all our state,
 And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)
 No prince nor peer shall have just-cause to say,
 Heav'n shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the
 Page, and Davy.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where in
 an arbour we will eat a last year's pippin of my

own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth.—Come, cousin Silence.—And then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren. Beggars all, beggars all, Sir John. Marry, good air. Spread, Davy, spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your servingman, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By th' mass, I have drank too much sack at supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah, quoth-a,

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.

[Singing.

And praise Heav'n for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap, and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there;

So merrily, and ever among, so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart. Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, sit. Master page, sit; good Master page, sit; proface *. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you must bear; the heart's all.

[Exit,

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*

For women are shrews, both short and tall;

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry Shrovetide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

* Italian, from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you. Hammer.

I rather think *proface* is uttered by mistake for *perforce*. Johnson.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy,——

Davy. Your Worship—I'll be with you streight—
A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. singing.] *A cup of wine,
That's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, Davy,——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha—will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggers, I thank thee; the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*]

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at the door there, ho.—Who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. singing.] *Do me right, and dub me knight,
Samingo. Is't not so?*

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? why then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Davy. If it please your Worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

S C E N E V.

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, 'save you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good. Sweet Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barston.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base.

—Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend;

And helter skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy news? Let King Gophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [*Sings.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Fury's lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which King? Bezonian*, speak or die.

* From *Bisognoso*, a needy person: a term of reproach. *Theobald.*

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth, or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King.

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me † like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph, saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh sweet Pistol!—Away Bardolph—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow. I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led*, say they?

Why, here it is, welcome this pleasant day [*Exeunt.*]

† To *fig*, in Spanish, *higas dar*, is to insult, by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say, in contempt, *A fig for you.* Johnson

* Words of an old ballad. Warburton.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to a Street in London.

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, and Beadles.

Host. No, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook †, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal, if the child I go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come, he would make this a bloody day to some body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry.

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer ‡! I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blue bottle rogue!—You filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come. Bring me to a justice.

Host. Yes, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

† A term of reproach for a catchpole. *Johnson.*

‡ These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with the hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chested work. *Warburton.*

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Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!—

Hof. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you rascal!

Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

A public Place near Westminster-Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch.

[Exeunt Grooms.]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you grace. I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [To Shallow.] But it is no matter, this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

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Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*; for *absque hoc nihil est*.
'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll and Helen of thy noble thoughts

Is in base durance and contagious prison;

Haul'd thither by mechanic dirty hands.

Rouze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell Alec-
to's snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pist. There roar'd the sea; and trumpet-clangour
sounds.

S C E N E VIII.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King and his train.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal, my royal Hal!

Pist. The Heav'ns thee guard and keep, most
royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain
man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what
'tis you speak?

Fal. My King, my Jove, I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy
prayers:

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape

For thee, thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not that I am the thing I was,

For Heav'n doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self,

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
 Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my mis-leaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten miles.
 For competence of life I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
 And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will according to your strengths and qualities
 Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my Lord,
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.
 Set on. [Exit King, &c.]

S C E N E IX.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you
 to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not
 you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to
 him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world.
 Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet
 that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me
 your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I be-
 seech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred
 of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This
 that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir
 John.

Fal. Fear no colours. Go with me to dinner.
 Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. I shall
 be sent for soon at night.

Enter Chief Justice and Prince John.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.
 Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord,——

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon.
 —Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lancaster and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent his wonted followers,
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my

Ch. Just. He hath. [Lord.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence *? [Exeunt.

* I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, *O most lame and impotent conclusion!* As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth.

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. These scenes which now make the fifth act of Henry the Fourth, might then be the first of Henry the Fifth; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakespeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of Richard the Second, to the end of Henry the Fifth, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the first and second parts of Henry the Fourth. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters are diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The Prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent

passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked, and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifler. This character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff, unimitated, unimitable Falstaff! how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed, of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirises in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the Prince, only as an agent of vice; but of this familiarity he is so proud as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the Prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and fallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.

Johnson.

EPILOGUE*.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I should say, wil, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well), I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly †.

One word more, I beseech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you

* This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction *Johnson*

† This trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it*. *Johnson*.

EPILOGUE.

merry with fair Catharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr †, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.

† This alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff. *Pops.*



THE
L I F E
O F
H E N R Y V.



VOL. V.

R.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY the Fifth.
 Duke of Gloucester, }
 Duke of Bedford, } Brothers to the King.
 Duke of Clarence, }
 Duke of York, }
 Duke of Exeter, } Uncles to the King.
 Earl of Salisbury.
 Earl of Westmorland.
 Earl of Warwick.
 Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Bishop of Ely.
 Earl of Cambridge, }
 Lord SCROOP, } Conspirators against the King.
 Sir THOMAS GREY, }
 Sir THOMAS ERPHINGHAM, GOWER, BLUEL-
 LEN, MACKMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King
 Henry's army.
 NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, Boy, formerly servants
 to Falstaff, now soldiers in the King's army.
 BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers.
 CHARLES, King of France.
 The Dauphin.
 Duke of Burgundy.
 CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, BOUREON,
 GRANDPREE, French Lords.
 Governor of Harfleur.
 MOUNTJOY, a Herald.
 Ambassadors to the King of England.
 ISABEL, Queen of France.
 CATHARINE, Daughter to the King of France.
 ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Catharine.
 QUICKLY, Pistol's wife, an hostess.
 CHORUS.
 Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with
 other Attendants.

*The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, lyes in England;
 but afterwards wholly in France.*

P R O L O G U E.

O For a muse of fire*, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
 Least in, like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
 The vasty field of France? or may we cram,
 Within this wooden O, the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon; since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little space, a million;
 And let us cyphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work †.
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high-up-reared and abutting fronts
 The perillous narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfection with your thoughts,
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance ‡.

* This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens, one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire. Warburton.

It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements. Johnson.

† Imaginary for imaginative, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded. Johnson.

‡ This passage shews that Shakespeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of shewing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done, but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye, but by something

P R O L O G U E.

*Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings*,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.*

*like it; and within a wooden O nothing very like a battle
can be exhibited. Johnson.*

** We should read king for kings. The sense is, your
thoughts must give the king his proper greatness, carry there-
fore your thoughts here and there. Johnson.*

The LIFE of
KING HENRY V*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*An Antechamber in the English Court, at
Kenilworth.*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop
of Ely.*

Archbishop of Canterbury.

MY Lord, I'll tell you—That self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year o' th' last King's
reign

Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on; if it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And to relief of lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alm-houses, right well supply'd;

* The transactions compriz'd in this historical play,
commence about the latter-end of the first, and termi-
nate in the eighth year of this king's reign; when he
married Catharine Princess of France, and closed up
the differences betwixt England and that crown. *Theob.*

And to the coffers of the King, beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard;

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whip'd th' offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made,
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady current, scow'ring faults;
Nor ever Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this King.

Ely. We're blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still*;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoricque;
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow;

* This line is exquisitely beautiful. *Johnson.*

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the vail of wildness, which no doubt
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty*.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us.
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did his offer seem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done,
The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

* Encreasing in its proper power. *Johnson.*

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Opens to the Presence.

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmorland and Exeter.*

K. Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my Liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolved,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That talk our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,

Why the law Salike, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate †, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth.
For God doth know how many now in health

Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

† Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious. *Johnson.*

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a fore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my Lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you
Peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, your services,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar †
To make against your Highness' claim to France,
But this which they produce from Pharamond;
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant;
No woman shall succeed in Salike land:
Which Salike land the French unjustly gloss
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond.
The founder of this law and female bar:
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salike lyes in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elve;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French,
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salike land;
Which Salike, as I said, 'twixt Elve and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd *Meisen*.
Thus doth it well appear the Salike law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salike land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,

† This whole speech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*)
from Hall's Chronicle. *Pope.*

Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pépin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles Duke of Lorain, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great;
 To fine his title with some shews of truth,
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as heir to th' Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis th' Emperor, which was the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Ninth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, 'till satisfy'd
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Emengere,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorain:
 By the which match the line of Charles the Great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis' satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female;
 So do the kings of France until this day,
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salike law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
 And rather chuse to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles,
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry. May I with right and conscience
 make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers it is writ,
 When the son dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
Look back unto your mighty ancestors;
Go, my dread Lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle Edward the black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of France,
While his most mighty father, on a hill,
Stood smiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant deeds,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exet. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
earth

Do all expect that you should rouze yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause; and
means and might

So hath your Highness; never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
And ly pavilion'd in the field of France. [land,

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood and sword, and fire, to win your right.
In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Henry. We must not only arm t' invade the
French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us

With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Henry. We do not mean the courting snatch-
ers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim-fullness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my Liege;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded, as a stray,
The King of Scots, whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ouzy bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

Exet. But there's a saying very old and true,
*If that you will France win, then with Scotland first
begin.*

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To taint and havock more than she can eat.

Ely. It follows then, the cat must stay at home *.

* This speech, which is dissuasive of the war with France, is absurdly given to one of the churchmen in

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity † ;
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 Th' advised head defends itself at home ;
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

Cant. Therefore Heaven doth divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion,
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience ‡. For so work the honey bees ;
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sort ;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summers' velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor,
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing mason building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;

confederacy to push the king upon it, as appears by the first scene of this act. Besides, the poet had here an eye to Hall, who gives this observation to the Duke of Exeter. But the editors have made Ely and Exeter change sides, and speak one another's speeches ; for this, which is given to Ely, is Exeter's ; and the following given to Exeter is Ely's. *Warburton.*

† I imagine the Poet might have written, " a coward's necessity : " that is, such a necessity as a coward would alledge. *Revisal.*

‡ The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the public good and general design of government. *Johnson.*

The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I thus infer,
 That many things, having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously;
 As many arrows loosed several ways,
 Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one
 town;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt-sea;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre;
 So may a thousand actions, at once a-foot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege;
 Divide your happy England into four,
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried; and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the
 Dauphin.

Now are we well resolv'd; and by God's help
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. There we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombleless, with no remembrance over them.
 Either our history shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Nor worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

S C E N E III.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.

Your Highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, Edward the third ;
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd. There's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle ?

Exet. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. Henry. We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us.

His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, h'ath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces *. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days ;
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barb'rous licence ; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness

* *Chace* is a term at tennis.

When I do rouse me in my throne of France,
For that I have laid by my Majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand fore charged 'fore the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them. Many thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on
To 'venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the Dauphin
His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
—Convey them with safe conduct—Fare ye well.

[Exeunt Ambassadors.]

Exet. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let ev'ry man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Chorus.**Chorus.*

NOW all the youth of England are on fire,
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lyes;
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man;
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilt unto the point
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
 One Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second
 Henry Lord Seroop of Masham, and the third
 Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
 Have for the gilt of France (O guilt, indeed!)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France,
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France;—and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and well digest
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play*.

* That is, while by doing violence to the circumstances both of time and place, we make out our play.

Revisal.

The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The king is set from London, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
 There is the playhouse now *, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, 'till the king come forth, and not † till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Before Quickly's House in East-cheap.

Enter Corporal Nim and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nim.

Nim. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph ‡.

* I suppose every one that reads these lines looks about for a meaning which he cannot find. There is no connection of sense, nor regularity of transition from one thought to the other. It may be suspected that some lines are lost, and in that case the sense is irretrievable. I rather think the meaning is obscured by an accidental transposition, which I would reform thus:

*And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises.
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The king is set from London, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,
 Ere he take ship for France. And in Southampton
 Linger your patience on, and well digest
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
 There is the playhouse now.*

† This alteration restores sense, and probably the true sense. The lines might be otherwise ranged, but this order pleases me best. *Johnson.*

‡ "But till then." *Canons of crit.*

‡ At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* The characters would be indistinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays. *Johnson.*

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not. I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be—[*smiles.*] But that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France†. Let it be so, good Corporal Nim.

Nim. Faith I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may. Though patience be a tir'd mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.——

Enter Pistol and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Bafe tyke, call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term:
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdyhouse straight. O welliday lady, if he be not drawn! Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

† We should read, *we'll all go sworn brothers to France;*
or, we'll all be sworn brothers in France. John. ON.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pish! ———

Pist. Pish for thee, Island dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of Island.

Quick. Good Corporal Nim, shew thy valour, and put up thy sword.

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth,
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not Barbasen, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doating death is near; Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I say. He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of meikle might; and fury shall Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give; [abate. Thy spirits are most tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coup à gorge*, that is the word, I defy thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spittle go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet, she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
For th' only she. And *pauca*,—there's enough——
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess; he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue,

Quick. By my troth he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exit Quickly.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl on!

Nim. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound, push home.

[*Draw.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nim, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have and present pay, And liquor likewise will I give to thee; And friendship shall combine and brotherhood. I'll live by Nim, and Nim shall live by me: Is not this just? for I shall fustler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nim. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: ah, poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nim, thou hast spoken the right, his heart is fract and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good king, but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Changes to Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmorland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exet. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear them-
As if allegiance in their bosoms sate, *[selves,*
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exet. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious
favours;

That he should for a foreign purse so sell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery *!

[Trumpets sound.]

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard.

* Here the quarto inserts a line omitted in all the following editions,

Exet. O! the Lord of Masham!

My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Masham,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege, if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty; there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their gauls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance † of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person. We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security;
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his suff'rance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy, if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their
 dear care

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. Now to our French
 causes—

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my Lord.

Your Highness bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Grey. And I, my Sovereign.

K. Henry. Then Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
 there is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and Sir
 Knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.

Read them, and know I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmorland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now,
 gentlemen?

What see you in these papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you
 there,

That hath so cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but
 late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd.
You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
 These English monsters! My Lord Cambridge here,
 You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France
 To kill us here in Hampton. To the which
 This Knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use;
 May it be possible that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stand off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly * in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not whoop at them.
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder;
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
 And other devils that suggest by-treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
 From glist'ring semblances of piety:
 But he that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up;
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

* i. e. palpably, with a plain and visible connection of cause and effect. *Johnson.*

If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why so didst thou. Or seem they grave and learn'd?
Why so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment*,
Not working with the eye without the ear†,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely boulded‡ didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open;
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exet. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Tho-
mas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death,
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

* *i. e.* decorated with ornaments, but such as might be
worn without vain ostentation. *Johnson.*

† *i. e.* did not trust the air or look of any man till he
had tried him by enquiry and conversation. *ibid.*

‡ *Boulded* is the same with *sifted*, and has consequently
the meaning of *refined*. *ibid.*

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in suff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your
sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death,
Wherein you would have sold your King to
slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

—Now, Lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not
But every rub is smoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearly to sea. The signs of war advance;
No King of England, if not King of France.

[*Exeunt* *.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Quickly's house in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy and Quickly.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith. Nim, rouse thy vaunting vein.
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom: He made a finer † end, and went away as it had been any chrisom child. A' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide. For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I; what, man? be of good cheer. So a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more cloaths on his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone; then I felt to his knees, and so up-

* This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition; the particular insertions it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much use.

Johnson.

† *Finer end, for final.* *ibid.*

ward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone †.

Nim. They say he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, and that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

† Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakespeare had promised us, in his epilogue to *Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakespeare as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment, but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain, lest it should not find the same reception, he has here for ever discarded him, and made haste to dispatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted, to promise to the public what they have not written.

This disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to shew him in love or courtship. This was indeed a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters.

I forgot to note in the proper place, and therefore note here, that Falstaff's courtship, or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, should be read between *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*

Johnson.

Boy. He said once, the deule would have him about woman.

Quick. He did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember he saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and said it was a black soul burning in hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall we shog? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my moveables.—

Let senses rule *.—The word is, *pitch and pay*; Trust none, for oaths are straws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore *Caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that is but unwholsome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

Nim. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

* I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not well see. Perhaps we may read,

Let sense us rule. Johnson.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the French King's Palace.

Enter French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us,

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,

To line and new repair our towns of war,

With men of courage, and with means defendant;

For England his approaches makes, as fierce

As waters to the sucking of a gulph.

It fits us then to be as provident,

As fear may teach us out of late examples,

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,

Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,

But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of France ;

And let us do it with no shew of fear,

No, with no more than if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitson morris-dance ;

For, my good Liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her scepter so fantastically borne,

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,

That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin † !

You are too much mistaken in this King.

† This part is much enlarged since the first writing.

Pope.

Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy;
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution;
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus *,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable;
 But tho' we think it so, it is no matter.
 In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems;
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd,
 Which of a weak and niggardly projection
 Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
 And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar paths.
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy-battle fatally was struck;

* Shakespeare not having given us, in the first or second part of *Henry IV.* or in any other place but this, the remotest hint of the circumstance here alluded to, the comparison must needs be a little obscure to those who don't know or reflect that some historians have told us that Henry IV. had entertain'd a deep jealousy of his son's aspiring superior genius. Therefore, to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from public affairs, and amused himself in consorting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me that Shakespeare was ignorant of this circumstance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry IV.* for it might have been so managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakespeare generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it. *Warburton.*

And all our Princes captiv'd by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black Prince of Wales;
 While that his mounting fire, on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate † of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Ambassadors from Harry King of England,
 Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go,
 and bring them.

—You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths ‡, when what they seem
 to threaten

Runs far before them. Good, my Sovereign,
 Take up the English short, and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head.
 Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sin,
 As self-neglecting.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exet. From him; and thus he greets your Majesty.
 He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories that, by gift of Heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
 And all the wide-stretch'd honours that pertain

† His *fate* is what is allotted him by destiny, or what
 he is fated to perform. *Johnson.*

‡ That is, *bark*; the sportiman's term. *ibid.*

By custom, and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable line *,
 In every branch truly demonstrative,

[Gives the French King a paper.]

Willing you overlook this pedigree;
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
 Edward the Third; he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exet. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
 That, if requiring fail, he may compell.
 He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws, upon your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans †,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further.
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

* This genealogy, this deduction of his lineage. Johnf.

† The disposition of the images were more regular
 if we were to read thus:

—upon your head

Turning the dead mens' blood, the widows' tears,
 The orphan's cries, the pining maidens' groans, &c. *ibid.*

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him; what to him from England?
Exet. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King; and if your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall hide your trespasss, and return your mock,
In second accent, to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply
It is against my will, for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exet. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain, which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow you shall know our mind
at full.

[*Flourish.*]

Exet. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair
conditions.

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Chorus.**Chorus.*

THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed King at Hampton peer
 Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow.
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandfires, babies and old women,
 Or past, or not arriv'd, to pith and puissance;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose th' ambassador from France comes back;
 Tells Harry, that the King doth offer him
 Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
 The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner,
 With lynstock now the devilish-cannon touches,
 And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

*Before Harfleur.**[Alarm, and cannon go off.]**Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford and Gloucester; Soldiers with scaling ladders.*

K. Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;
Or close * the wall up with the English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here

* Here is apparently a chasm. One line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunctive proposition. The King's speech is, *Dear friends*, either win the town, or close up the wall with dead. The old 4to gives no help. *Johnson.*

The mettle of your pasture, let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt
For there is none of you so mean and base, [not :
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start; the game's a-foot,
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry! England! and St George!

[*Exeunt King and Train.*

[*Alarm, and cannon go off.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol and Boy,

Bard. On, on, on, on, on. To the breach, to
the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are
too hot, and, for mine own part, I have not a case of
lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very
plain song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just, for humours do
abound,

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Wou'd I were in an alehouse in London;
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I;

If wishes would prevail * with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you
cullions.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men o' smould;
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, 'bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet
chuck.

* For prevail I would read avail. Johnson.

Nim. These be good humours; your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swailers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me: for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nim, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nim and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals†. They would have me as familiar with mens pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers, which makes much against my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service; their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines

† It appears, that in Shakespeare's age, to carry coals, was, I know not why, to endure affronts. Johnson.

are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may diseufs unto the Duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the counter-mines: by Cheshu. I think a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an afs, as is in the world; I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Capt. Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gudday, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. Godden to your Worship, good Captain James.

Gower. How now, Captain Macmorris, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish law, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the

disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

Famy. It shall be very good, good faith, good captains both; and I shall quit you * with good leave, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk; and by Christ do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God save me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, so Christ save me law.

Famy. By the mass, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do good service, or aile liege i' th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that shall I surely do, the brief and the long; marry, I was full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? what ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? what ish my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

* That is, I shall, with your permission, *requite you*; that is, *answer you*, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Famy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I'll be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end †. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

Enter King Henry and his Train.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the
This is the latest parle we will admit; [*town?*]
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst. As I'm a soldier,
A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
'Till in her ashes she ly buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his smirch'd complection all fell feats,
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?

† It were to be wished that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. *Johnson.*

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may, as bootless, spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send our precepts to th' Leviathan
To come a-shore. Therefore, you men of Har-
fleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my soldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'er-blows * the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villamy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted up on pikes,
While the mad mothers, with their howls confus'd,
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of Jewry,
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor upon the walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy;
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to Calais.

* This is a very harsh metaphor. To overblow is to drive away, or to keep off. Johnson.

To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest,
To-morrow for the march we are address'd.

[*Flourish, and enter the town.*]

S C E N E V*.

The French Camp.

Enter Catharine and an old Gentlewoman.

Cath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Cath. *Je te prie de m'enseigner; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? ell' est appelée, de hand.*

Cath. *De hand. Et le doyt?*

Alice. *Le doyt? ma foy, je oublie le doyt; mais je me souviendra le doyt; jé pense, qu'ils ont appelé des fingres; ouy, des fingres.*

Cath. *La main, de hand; le doyt, le fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagnée deux mots d'Anglois vistement; comment appelez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.*

Cath. *De nayles. Escoutez: dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, Madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arme, Madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *D' elbow.*

Cath. *D' elbow: je me'n faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris des a present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, Madame, comme je pense.*

Cath. *Excuse moy, Alice; escoutez; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, d' bilbow.*

* I have left this ridiculous scene as I found it; and am sorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated. *Warburton.*

Alice. D' elbow, Madame.

Cath. O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie d' elbow ; comment appelez vous le col ?

Alice. De neck, Madame.

Cath. De neck ; & le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Cath. De sin : le col, de neck : le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en verité vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d' Angleterre.

Cath. Je ne doute point d' apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?

Cath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement ; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, de arme.

Alice. De nayles, Madame.

Cath. De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, d' elbow.

Cath. Ainsi, dis je d' elbow, de neck, de sin : comment appelez vous les pieds, & de robe.

Alice. Le foot, Madame, & le coun.

Cath. Le foot, & le coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont des mots mauvais, corruptibiles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d' honneur d' user : je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Signieurs de France pour toute le monde ! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray une autrefois ma leçon ensemble ; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, d' elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Cath. C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Presence-chamber in the French Court.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river
Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O *Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our Syens, put in wild and savage stock,
Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans; Norman
bastards.

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-shorten isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* why, whence have they
this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can sodden water,
Adrench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen icicles
Upon our house-tops, while more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach La volta's high, and swift Corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is Mountjoy, the herald? speed
him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, Princes, and with spirit of honour edg'd,
Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field.

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
 You, Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
 Alanfon, Brabant, Bar and Burgundy,
 Jaques Chattillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpree, Rouffie, and Faulconbridge,
 Loys, Leftraile, Bouciqualt, and Charaloys,
 High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and
 Knights,

For your great feats now quit you of great shames;
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With penons painted in the blood of Harfleur;
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the vallies *, whose low vassal fear
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
 And in a captive chariot into Roan
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on
 Mountjoy;

And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with
 Now-forth, Lord Constable, and Princes all; [us.
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

* The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossness of the thought in the next line. *Johnson.*

S C E N E VII.

*The English Camp.**Enter Gower and Fluellen.*

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not, God be praised and blessed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an antient lieutenant there at the bridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd *Antient Pistol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours : The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind that stands upon the rolling rest-
less stone——

Flu. By your patience, Antient Pistol : Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is

the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles. In good truth the poet makes a most excellent description of it; fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,

For he hath stol'n a pix*, and hang'd must a' be,
Damned death!

Let gallows gap for dog, let man go free,

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate;

But Exeter hath given the doom of death,

For pix of little price. Therefore, go speak,

The Duke will hear thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.

Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Antient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefor.

Flu. Certainly, Antient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd, and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain——

[Exit Pist.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you he utter'd as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

* A box in which the consecrated Host was used to be kept. *Theob.*

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-turn'd oaths: and what a beard of the General's cut, and a horrid suite of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

S C E N E VIII.

Drum and colours. Enter the King, and his poor soldiers.

Flu. God pless your Majesty.

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen, cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: the Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty the Duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonably great; marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath never lost a man but

one, that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire; sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have such offenders so cut off;

And give exprefs charge that, in all our march,
There shall be nothing taken from the villages,
But shall be paid for; and no French upbraided,
Or yet abused in disdainful language.

When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit*.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King. Say thou to Harry England,

Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep;
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
Tell him, we could at Harfleur have rebuk'd him,
But that we thought not good to bruise an injury
Till it were ripe. Now, speak we on your cue†,
With voice imperial. England shall repent
His folly, see his weakness, and admire
Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider
What must the ransom be which must proportion
The losses we have borne, the subjects we
Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested,
To answer which, his pettiness would bow under.
First for our loss, too poor is his exchequer;

* That is, by his herald's coat. *Johnson.*

† In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. *ib.*

For the effusion of our blood, his army
 Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
 Ev'n his own person kneeling at our feet
 A weak and worthless satisfaction.
 To this, defiance add; and for conclusion,
 Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
 Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
 My King and Master; and so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy King I do not seek him now;
 But could be willing to march on to Calais
 Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
 Almost no better than so many French;
 Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus; this your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am,
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard;
 Yet, God before*, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mount-
 joy.

Go bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

* This was an expression, in that age, for God being
 my guide; or, when used to another, God be thy guide.

Discolour; and so, Mountjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this;
We would not seek a battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mount. I shall deliver so, Thanks to your Highness. [Exit.]

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws towards night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX*.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut, I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterms; ça, ha! *le cheval volant*, the *Pegasus*, *chez les narines de feu* †! he bounds from the earth, as

* This scene is shorter, and I think better, in the first editions of 1600 and 1608: but as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them. *Pope.*

† This is stark nonsense. Perhaps we should read,

if his entrails were hairs ; when I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk ; he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus ; he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him : he is indeed a horse ; and all other jades * you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey ; it is a theme as fluent as the sea ; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all ; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on ; and for the world familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus,
Wonder of nature——

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser ; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

“ *Voyez les narine des feu !* ” The horse indeed is not present ; but, agreeably to the French vivacity, the Dauphin speaks of him as if he were. *Revisal.*

* It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word, and not the last, which is the term of reproach ; as afterwards it is said,

I had as lieve have my mistress a jade. Warburton.

Dau. Me well;—which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Methought, yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers *.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lieve have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*; thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many superfluously; and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd

* i. e. breeches. *Theobald.*

out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate *.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap † that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendship.*

* This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept hooded when they are not to fly at game, and as soon as the hood is off, bait or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. *Johnson.*

† Alluding to the practice of capping verses. *ib.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd ; there stands your friend for the devil ; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox on the devil!*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much a *fool's bolt is soon shot.*

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

S C E N E X.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord High Constable, the English ly within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mes. The Lord Grandpree.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.——
'Would it were day!——Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples. You may as well say that's a valiant flea, that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Com. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock; but (let me see) by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping Murmur, and the poring Dark,
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe *.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
 The hum of either army stilly sounds; [night,
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd † face.
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs.
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
 And (the third hour of drousy morning nam'd)
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
 Who like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,

* Horizon.

† This expression is extremely picturesque, and points out that brown light of the fires in a dark night reflected from every object near them. *Revised.*

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger: and their gesture sad,
 Invest in lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing moon.
 So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, *Praise and glory on his head!*
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night,
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
 With chearful semblance and sweet majesty;
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly,
 Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Glo'ster, 'tis true that we are in great
 danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.

Enter Bedford.

—Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some foul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head,
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erping. Not so, my Liege; this lodging likes me better;

Since I may say, now ly I like a king.

K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their present pain

Upon example; so the spirit is eased,
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity*.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princees in our camp,
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Henry. No, my good Knight,

Go with my brothers to my Lords of England.
I and my bosom must debate a while,

* *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. *Johnson.*

And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble Harry!

K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou fpeak'ft chearfully. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'ft thou the puissant pike?

K. Henry. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant;
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'ft thou Fluellen?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon St. David's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then!

K. Henry. I thank you. God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. [*Exit.*]

K. Henry. It sorts well with your fierceness.

[*Manet King Henry.*]

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen.——

Flu. So; in the name of Jesu Christ speak fewer; it is the greatest admiration in the universal world when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle tattle, nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobrieties of it, and the modesty of it to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[Exeunt.]

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

S C E N E IV.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind

gentleman. I pray you what thinks he of our estate?

K. Henry. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should; for though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth I will speak my conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and many poor men's lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those

legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a place*; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left: I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So if a son, that is sent by his father about merchandise, do fall into some lewd action and miscarry, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcilable iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers; some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws, in the king's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of

their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own: therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight chearfully; but when our throats are cut he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, this is my glove, by this hand I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Henry. Indeed the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt soldiers.*]

S C E N E V.

Manet King Henry.

Upon the King*! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins lay on the King; he must bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have kings,
That private have not too, save ceremony,
Save gen'ral ceremony?——
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony!

* This beautiful speech was added after the first edition. *Pope.*

There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the King breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. *Johnson.*

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
 O Ceremony, shew me but thy worth,
 What is thy soul, O Adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great Greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
 knee,
 Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee; and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farfed * title running 'fore the King,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus †, and all night

* *Farfed* is *stuffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This I think is the sense. *Johnson*.

† These lines are exquisitely pleasing. *To sweat in the eye of Phoebus*, and *to sleep in Elysium*, are expressions very poetical. *ib.*

Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the forehand and 'vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, seek through your camp to find you. [*Enter*]

K. Henry. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent:
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord. [Exit]

K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
 The sense of reck'ning, lest th' opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to-day, O Lord,
 O not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown.
 I Richard's body have interred new,
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
 Tow'rd Heav'n, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My Liege.

K. Henry. My brother Glo'ster's voice?

I know thy errand, I will go with thee;

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my Lords.

Dau. *Montez cheval**: my horse, *valet*, lacquay:
ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*—*les eaux & la terre.*——

Orl. *Rien puis!* *le air & feu.*——

Dau. *Ciel!* *Cousin Orleans*†.

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service
neigh.

* *Mon cheval.* *Revival.*

† I suspect the true reading might possibly have been
this:

Dau. *Voyez—les eaux & la terre.*

Orl. *Bien—puis l' air & le feu?*

Dau. *Le ciel—Cousin Orleans.*

We must suppose the Dauphin, seeing his horse curvet at some distance from the stage, cries out, 'See the waters and the earth:'—he was going to say, How high he mounts above them! but is interrupted by Orleans, who answers, 'This is very well; but as to the other elements, the air and the fire, what say you to them?' To which the Dauphin replies, 'Ay, and the heaven too, Cousin Orleans;' meaning, by thisrodomontade of his, that his horse would even surmount that too if there were occasion. *Revival.*

Dau. Mount then, and make incision in their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And daunt them with superfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattell'd, you French peers.

Con. To horse! you gallant princes, straight to—
Do but behold yon poor and starv'd band, [horse!
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation;
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little, little, let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonance, and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field †,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

† He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. *To dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand.

Such an easy capture the French Lords expected to make of the English. *Johnson.*

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?

Yon Island-carions, desp'rate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips :
 The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bitt
 Lyes foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless :
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
 In life so liveless as it shews itself.

Con. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh
 And give their fasting horses provender, [suits,
 And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard : on to the field ;
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away !
 The sun is high, and we out-wear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

The English Camp.

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with
 all the host ; Salisbury and Westmorland.*

Glou. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore
 thousand.

Exet. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds! God be wi' you princes all; I'll to my charge. If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n, Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford, My dear Lord Glo'ster, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

Exet. to *Sal.* Farewell, kind Lord; fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Sal.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness; Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England, That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so? My cousin Westmorland? No, my fair cousin, If we are mark'd to die, we are enow To do our country loss; and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more. By Jove*, I am not covetous of gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; It yerns me not if men my garments wear, Such outward things dwell not in my desires: But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive. No, faith, my Lord, wish not a man from England: God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour, As one man more, methinks, would share from me, For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more;

* The King prays like a Christian, and swears like a Heathen. *Johnson.*

Rather proclaim it, Westmorland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd *the feast of Crispian*:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of Crispian;
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian;
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered*,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St Crispian's day.

* It may be observed, that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing fate of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history. *Johnson.*

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sov'reign Lord, bestow yourself with speed;
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will, my Liege, 'would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Henry. Why, now thou hast unwith'd five thousand men,

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

—You know your places. God be with you all!

S C E N E IX.

A tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow;
For certainly you are so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee. Thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance, that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches! their poor
bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mount. The Constable of France.

K. Henry. I pray thee bear my former answer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,

Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witnesses live in brass of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France;
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n,
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our English,
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly ; tell the Constable
We are but warriors for the working day :
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our host ;
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,
And time hath worn us into slovenry.
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do,
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour ;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little. Tell the Constable.

Mount. I shall, King Harry, and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

K. Henry. I fear thou'lt once more come again
for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I beg.
The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,
 march away;
 And how thou pleasest, God dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

The Field of Battle.

*Alarm, excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier,
 and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme
 de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality, calmy, censure me, art thou a gentleman *? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a gentleman.
 Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
 O Signieur Dewe, thou diest on point of fox †,
 Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
 Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde, ayez pitié de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
 For I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat,
 In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de
 ton bras?*

Pist. Brads, cur?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain-goat,
 Offer'st me brads?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys ‡?

* We should read this nonsense thus, *Quality*, cality,
 —construe me, art thou a gentleman? i. e. tell me, let me
 understand whether thou be'st a gentleman. *Warburton.*

† Fox is an old cant word for a sword. *Mr Steevens.*

‡ Moy is a piece of money, whence *moi d'or*, or *moy*
 of gold. *Johnson.*

Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French
What is his name?

Boy. *Escoutez, comment estes vous appelle?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer-him, and ferk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and ferk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous tenez prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppelle gorge, parmafoy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns,
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux centz escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promettes, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens. & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres-estimé Seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood I will some mercy shew.
Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.*

[*Ex. Pist. and Fr. Sol.*

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play*; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; yet they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XI.

Another part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O Signeur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu.*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

[*A short alarm.*

O meschante fortune!—do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die, instant.—Once more back again:

* In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, Punch sometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *vice* of the old farce, to whom Punch succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. *Johnson.*

The man that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than a dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs;
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Alarm. Enter the King and his Train, with prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant
countrymen.

But all's not done; the French yet keep the field.

Exet. The Duke of York commends him to your
Majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within
this hour

I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting,
From helmet to the spur all bleeding o'er.

Exet. In which array, brave foldier, doth he ly,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lyes.

Suffolk first dy'd; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,

And cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk,
"My soul shall thine keep company to heav'n:

"Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

"As in this glorious and well-foughten field

"We kept together in our chivalry."

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up;

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my Lord,
 "Commend my service to my Sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips,
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarms.*
 But, hark, what new-alarum is this same?
 The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men:
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
 Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIII.

*Alarms continued; after which, Enter Fluellen
 and Gower.*

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expressly
 against the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of
 knavery, mark you now, as can be desir'd in your
 conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive;
 and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the
 battle, have done this slaughter. Besides, they have
 burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's
 tent; wherefore the King most worthily has caus'd
 ev'ry soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a
 gallant King.

Flu. I, he was born at Monmouth, Captain
 Gower: what you call the town's name where
 Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig;
 or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the
 raganimous, are all one reckonings, save the
 phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born: I tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there's salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finish'd. I speak but in figures, and comparisons of it. As Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet*. He was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff

Flu. That is he. I tell you there is good men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

* This is the last time that Falstaff can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. *Johnson.*

S C E N E XIV.

Alarm. Enter King Henry, with Bourbon and other prisoners; Lords and Attendants. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France,
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill.
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field, they do offend our fight;
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have *;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go, and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my
Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their herald?

Know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mount. No, great King:

I come to thee for charitable licence

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To book our dead, and then to bury them;

* The king is in a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haste of composition could produce such negligence; neither was this play, which is the second draught of the same design, written in haste. There must be some dislocation of the scenes. If we place these lines at the beginning of the twelfth scene, the absurdity will be removed, and the action will proceed in a regular series. This transposition might easily happen in copies written for the players. Yet it must not be concealed, that in the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the scenes is the same as here

Johnsen.

To fort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, woe the while!
Ly drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, while their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it Agincourt.

K. Henry. Then call we this the Field of Agin-
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus. [court,

Flu. Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't
please your Majesty, and your great uncle Edward
the plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true. If your Ma-
jesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did good
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing
leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty
knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the
service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no
scorn to wear the leek upon St Tavee's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your
Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell
you that; God pless and preserve it, as long as it
pleases his Grace and his Majesty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman.
I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the

orld; I need not be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him.

[Exeunt Herald, with Mountjoy.]

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

S C E N E XV.

Exet. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swag-ger'd with me last night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackfauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my Liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alanson and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alanson, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him if thou dost love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man that has but two legs, that shall find himself agriev'd at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour,

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear.

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;

And quickly he'll return an injury.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Come you with us, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XVI.

*Before King Henry's Pavilion.**Enter Gower and Williams.**Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.*Enter Fluellen.**Flu.* God's will and his pleasure.—Captain, I beseech you now come apace to the King; there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?*Flu.* Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.*Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.*[Strikes him.]**Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal orld, in France or in England.*Gower.* How now, Sir? you villain!*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give Treason his payment into plows*, I warrant you.*Will.* I am no traitor.*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of Alanson's.*Enter Warwick and Gloucester.**War.* How now, how now, what's the matter?*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.*Enter King Henry and Exeter.**K. Henry.* How now, what's the matter?*Flu.* My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which* I think we should read, "in two plows." *Revised.*

your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alanfon.

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, cowardly knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me testimonies, and witnesses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alanfon that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove †, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas me, indeed, thou promised'st to strike, and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness: and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highness pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap,

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns.

And, Captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. Hold, there is twelve

† It must be, Give me my glove; for of the soldier's glove the King had not the fellow. *Johnfon.*

pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes are not so good. 'Tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

S C E N E XVII.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Now, Herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Henry. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exet. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouchiqualt:
Of other Lords, and Barons, Knights, and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there ly dead
One hundred twenty-six; added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;
So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights,
'Squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that ly dead,
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France:
Jaques Chatilion, Admiral of France;
The Master of the Cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin ;

John duke of Alançon, Anthony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy,
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpree and Roussie, Faulconbridge and Foyes,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead?

Exet. Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam Esquire ;
None else of name ; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here !
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great, and little loss,
On one part, and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderful !

K. Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village :

And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, Captain ; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience he did us great good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy rites ;
Let th' re be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum* :
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais : and to England then ;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Chorus.**Chorus.*

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them; and to such as
have,

I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd Calais: grant him there; and there being
seen,

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold the English beach
Peals in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea;

Which, like a mighty whiffler * 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-heath,
Where that his Lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword,
Before him through the city; he forbids it;
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens;
The Mayor, and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,

* An officer who walks first in processions, or before
persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony.

Hammer.

Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring Caesar in.
As by a lower but by loving likelihood *,
Were now the General † of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached ‡ on his sword;
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more
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Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home;
The Emperor coming in behalf of France
To order peace between them) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd
'Till Harry's back return again to France;
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The int'rim, by remembring you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

S C E N E II.

The English Camp in France.

Enter Fluellen and Gower ||.

Gower. Nay, that's right.—But why wear you
your leek to-day? St David's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
wherefore in all things. I will tell you as a friend,
Captain Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggarly,

ht,

ore
.
er.

* *Likelihood, for similitude. Johnson.*

† The Earl of Essex in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
Pope.

‡ Spitted, transfixed. *Johnson.*

|| This scene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the
fourth act, and be placed before the last chorus. There
is no English camp in this act; the quarrel apparently
happens before the return of the army to England, and
not after so long an interval as the chorus has supplied.
Johnson.

lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap, 'till I see him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his turkey-cocks. God plesse you, Aunchient Pistol: you scurvey lousy knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha! art thou beldam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence!—I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvey lousy knave, at my desires, and my requetts, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, and your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]
Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is. I desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it—
[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday Mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain; you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Pite, I

pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and eat * I swear——

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em. That's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he

* Thus the first folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and swear*. We should read, I suppose, in the frigid tumour of Pistol's dialect.

I eat, and eke I swear. Johnson.

could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find 'tis otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife * with me now?

News have I, that my Dol is dead † i' th' spittle
Of malady of France,
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off;
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgel'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. *[Exit †.]*

S C E N E III.

The French Court, at Trois in Champagne.

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, Princess Catharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met ||.

* That is, the jilt. *Huswife* is here in an ill sense. *Johns.*

† We must read, *My Nell is dead.* *ib.*

‡ The comic scenes of the history of Henry IV. and V. are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. *ib.*

|| Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth act seems naturally to begin. *Johnson.*

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes,
To our most fair and princely cousin Catharine;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy.
And Princes French, and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;

Most worthy brother England, fairly met!
So are you, Princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks;
The venom of such looks we fairly hope
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Henry. To cry Amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England. That I've labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightinesses on both parts can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth ly on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies; her hedges even pleach'd,
 Like prisoners, wildly o'ergrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow lees
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate such savag'ry:
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow like savages, as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd * attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural:
 Which to reduce into our former favour,
 You are assembled; and my speech intreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands,
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them, to the which
 There is no answer made. [as yet

K. Henry. Well, then the peace

Which you before so urg'd, lyes in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curfory eye

* Diffus'd for extravagant.

O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your Grace
 T'appoint some of your council presently
 To fit with us, once more with better heed
 To re-survey them; we will suddenly
 Pass or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Glo'ster,
 Warwick and Huntington, go with the King,
 And take with you free pow'r to ratify,
 Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 Any thing in or out of our demands,
 And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Ifa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
 When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our cousin Catharine here
 with us.

She is our capital demand, compris'd
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Ifa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manent King Henry, Catharine, and a Lady.

K. Henry. Fair Catharine, most fair,
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot
 speak your England.

K. Henry. O fair Catharine, if you will love me
 soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to
 hear you confess it brokenly with your English
 tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Cath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell what is like
 me.

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate, and you
 are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable à les anges?*

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Lady. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauz vostre grace) ainssi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear Catharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Henry. What says she, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits!

Lady. *Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princefs.*

K. Henry. The Princefs is the better English woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain King *, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, *I love you*; then if you urge me further than to say, *do you in faith?* I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, Lady?

Cath. *Sauz vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor measure; and for the other I have no strength in measure,

* I know not why Shakespeare now gives the King nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts, does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the Dauphin, who represents him as fitter for the ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not to *revel into duchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard*. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakespeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity. *Johnson.*

yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me; take a soldier; take a King. And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Henry. No; it is not possible that you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when

France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell what is dat.

K. Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a married * wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off, *quand j'ay le possession de France, & quand vous avez le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? St Dennis be my speed!) *donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Henry. No, faith is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? canst thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lov'st me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question th's gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, (as I have saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between St Dennis and St George, compound a boy half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople †, and take the Turk

* Every wife is a married wife. I suppose we should read *new married*; an epithet more expressive of fondness. *Johnson.*

† Shakespeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before

by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a batchelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse.*

Cath. Your Majestee ave faulse Frenche enough to deceive de most sage damoisel dat is en France.

K. Henry. Now fy upon my false French: by mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lov'st me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering † effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he 'got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them; but in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Catharine, will you have me? put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress, take me by the hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, tho' I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come,

the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty one years. *Theobald.*

† Certainly untempting. Warburton.

your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore Queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it shall please *le roy mon pere*.

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Cath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laissez, mon Seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissiez vostre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant Seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then will I kiss your lips, Kate.

Cath. *Les dames et damoiselles pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France; I cannot tell, what is *baiser* in English.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Lady. Your Majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Henry. Is it not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy, vrayement.*

K. Henry. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss. Therefore—patiently and yielding—*[Kissing her.]* You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in at touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

S C E N E V.

Enter the French King and Queen, with French and English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our Princess English?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth*, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked seeing self? it were, my Lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my Lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. This moral ties me over to time, and a

* We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. *Johnson.*

hot summer; and so I shall catch the fle, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is so; and you may some of you thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my Lord, you see them perspective-ly; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Henry. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content, so the maiden cities you tal' of may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish †, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Henry. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every article: His daughter first; and then in sequel all, According to their firm propos'd nature.

Exet. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Majesty demands, That the King of France, having occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this addition in French: *nostre tres cher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre. heretier de France*: and thus in Latin; *Præclarissimus * filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ et heres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Yet this I have not, brother, so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

† I think we should rather read, "in the way of my wish." *Revisal.*

* We should read, *præcarissimus*. Warburton.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood
raile up

Issue to me; that these contending kingdoms,
England and France, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet breasts, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

Lords. Amen!

K. Henry. Now welcome, Kate; and bear me
witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt you kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the passion of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French, Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Prepare we for our marriage; on which
day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough and all unable pen
Our blending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This Star of England; fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial Lord;

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
 Of France and England, did this King succeed,
 Whose state so many had i' th' managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England
 bleed:
 Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their
 sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take *.

* This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the King is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal; nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued; his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the chorus is more necessary in this play, than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is, the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided. *Johnson.*

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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